

Magazine Number

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A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

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VOL. XXIII }

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For Interest, etc. 1,186,253 70 \$6,502,249 94

DISBURSEMENTS.

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Matured Endowments and Annuities. 190,842 82
Surrendered Policies 695,531 26
Premium Abatements. 750,281 02

Total Paid Policy-Holders \$3,103,873 72

Added to Reserve. \$1,799,229 00

Taxes Paid in Penna. \$68,843 34
Taxes in other States 70,753 01
Salaries, Medical Fees, Office and Legal Expenses. 188,724 99
Commissions to Agents and Rents 520,460 85
Agency and other Expenses 71,147 38
Advertising, Printing and Supplies 28,995 53
Office Furniture, Maintenance of Building, etc. 22,933 77 4,097,932 59

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1895. \$24,024,165 65

ASSETS.

City Loans, Railroad and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks \$7,117,768 05
Mortgages and Ground Rents (1st Liens) 10,782,443 75
Premium Notes secured by Policies 769,011 63
Loans on Collateral, Policy Loans, etc. 3,644,713 61
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans 1,439,650 76
Cash in Banks, Trust Companies and on hand. 270,557 82

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Interest Due and Accrued. etc. 343,345 70

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Surplus, 4 per cent. basis. 3,015,855 62 24,960,660 00

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895

Literature

"Henry of Navarre"

And the Religious Wars. By Edward T. Blair. J. B. Lippincott Co.

MR. BLAIR is a pleasant writer, who sees both sides and gives us a fair representation of facts. He is not in any wise analytical and does not philosophize. He has not much in common with the new school of historians. But he gives a well-condensed account of the religious wars that brought Henry IV. into prominence, and an interesting account of Henry himself. Henry of Navarre was indeed a wonderful character. He combined in one person the virtues of a noble man and the vices of a Mephistopheles. He reminds us of a costume which is seen in the streets of Amsterdam, worn by the orphans of the asylum in that city; one side of the dress is black, and the other side vivid red. The elements seem as distinct in his construction.

With the animal nature of a savage, he had, also, the lofty ideas and heroic unselfishness of the highest type of mankind. At one time pursuing the wife of his dearest friend, at the next moment he would rush into extreme danger to save the life of the lowest of his subjects. We must look at one side and then at the other. Mr. Blair, in his preface, leads us to expect from his residence at Pau, Henry's birthplace, more local coloring than he has given in his narrative; but seemingly his life there merely turned his eyes towards that page of history of which he writes.

The early life of the young Bearnais must have been something of a key to his duplicate nature. The rugged mountain scenery; the grim old grandfather, who made him his especial charge from his birth, who rubbed his baby lips with garlic and gave him wine from his own drinking-cup to make him hardy and strong; his life in a peasant's home, where he ran barefooted and wore the roughest of clothes, gave him that early familiarity with his inferiors which ever won him great popularity. The coarse jests of his rollicking old grandfather must have tainted his childish mind, while his mother, with her sterling good qualities, exerted herself to the utmost to make him brave and true. These things had their lasting influence upon the development of his character.

So did his life at the wickedest court in Europe, where Catherine de' Medici, pandering to every vice and iniquity, alone kept her head cool enough to restrain herself from actually falling. The wife given him at the age of 19, Margaret of Valois, was one of the worst products of that evil time. Beautiful and brave, she was in their early life a good comrade to Henry, and loyal to his political interests. Her private life was of the most corrupt nature, and divorce at last freed them from each other. During Henry's four years at the French court his worst side was uppermost; every one of his vices was intensified in that hot-bed of villainy, but when he came to the front as leader of the Protestant forces, he took rank among the great captains of the world. He never lost a battle; his hardy training availed him, and he would fly from one siege to another, never caring for rest or sleep; he was quick-witted, far-seeing and all-inspiring to his men; a hero of romance in every engagement. His renunciation of Protestantism, and acceptance of Catholicism, Mr. Blair presents in a very fair manner. Henry was undoubtedly in earnest; he saw that nothing else would unite France; he was sick at heart of civil war and its sufferings, and when he decided upon the act, he threw himself heartily into his new church. His religion was never much of a controlling factor in his life, but both as Protes-

tant and Catholic, he cared most of all for his people and France. He was devotedly loved and mourned by his whole kingdom when he died from the dagger of Ravallac.

Mr. Blair is quite right in saying:—"When Henry IV. came to the throne of France, he found France dismantled by civil wars and without government. Not only did he reconquer his kingdom, town by town, province by province, but he restored it to peace and prosperity by an administration which has no equals in its annals." "Although there are traits in the character of Henry IV. which may lower him in the estimation of to-day, he could well have afforded to use the words which the great dramatist put in the mouth of Othello:—

'Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice.'

Mr. Blair has done this. Whoever reads this book will have a more complete idea of the great Henry.

The book is illustrated with portraits and with historical scenes from different artists. One could wish the titles of the pictures were nearer to them than the index, as time is too valuable to be referring constantly to the first pages of so large a book.

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WE HAVE ALREADY referred to the completion of the sixteen-volume edition of Browning, published in 1888-9, by the seventeenth volume, containing "Asolando," with full explanatory notes to the entire series of the poetic works. The seventeen volumes are now reprinted from the same plates in nine (1), the paper being thinner but not transparent, and the whole make-up of the edition being neat and tasteful.

It is, however, much to be regretted that when this edition was planned in 1888 the poet could not be induced to revise it properly, or even to correct sundry misprints to which friends and critics had called his attention. These slips of the type, some of which date back twenty-five years or more—to the six-volume London edition of 1867 and separate volumes printed earlier,—remain to disfigure this otherwise attractive reprint.

Browning did, indeed, revise "Pauline," the first poem in the first volume of the 1888 edition; but this had better been left undone. His first intention, as he stated in the preface, was to reprint the poem, as he had done in 1867, "leaving mere literary errors unaltered." He adds:—"Twenty years' endurance of an eyesore seems more than sufficient: my faults remain duly recorded against me, and I claim permission to somewhat diminish these, so far as style is concerned, in the present and final edition, where 'Pauline' must needs, first of my performances, confront the reader. I have simply removed solecisms, mended the metre a little, and endeavored to strengthen the phraseology—experience helping, in some degree, the helplessness of juvenile haste and heat in their untried adventure long ago." It is strange that he could not see how he thus destroyed the historical interest of the poem. It was no longer the "boyish work" (as he called it in 1867), which, with all its faults and deficiencies, was a remarkable piece of work for a youth of twenty. Now it is "neither one thing nor the other," neither the original juvenile production nor a specimen of maturer composition, much that was peculiarly characteristic of the former having been taken

away, without recasting the whole in the form in which the author would have written it in his later years.

Of the uncorrected misprints in this edition a few may be mentioned here as specimens:—"Yon golden creature" for "You," etc., in "A Blot in the Scutcheon"; "crowding attestation" for "crowning attestation" in "Colombe's Birthday," and "For each conjecture was she great enough," for "For each conjuncture," etc., in the same play. Mispointings that destroy or confuse the sense are not uncommon; as in "The Blot":—

"I saw through
The troubled surface of his crime and yours
A depth of purity immovable
Had I but glanced, where all seemed turbidest
Had gleamed some inlet to the calm beneath,"

where a period is missing after "immovable." This is not a mere accident to the stereotype plate, but is copied from the earlier English edition.—In "Colombe" we find:—

"This plain, unpractised suitor, who found way
To the Duchess through the merest die's turn-up
A year ago, had seen her and been seen,
Loved and been loved."

The comma after "ago" belongs after "turn-up," as the story requires.—Some of these slips are such as the average proof-reader ought not to overlook; as in this line of "In a Balcony":—"And while, accepting life, abjure its use," which is nonsense as it stands. The reader will see how the comma should be transposed.

The Boston edition of Browning in six volumes, published in 1891, has been revised and filled out by adding to the last volume the "Asolando," which, by arrangement with the author, had been published separately in Boston, simultaneously with its appearance in London. The errors noted above are not to be found in this edition (2), nor have we detected any others of importance. The worst that we see in a hasty glance through the pages are the occasional omission of a quotation mark or an apostrophe; as in "Caliban on Setebos":—"Conceiveth all things will continue thus"; for "Conceiveth," etc. In "Muckle-mouth Meg" quotation marks were wanting in two places in the first Boston edition of "Asolando"; and these have been repeated in resetting the poem for addition to the sixth volume of this complete edition. These errors do not occur in the English edition. The Boston edition contains "Pauline" in both the original and the revised form. The reader who has not compared the two versions will find them an interesting study.

The explanatory notes, which we have mentioned as a feature of the English edition, do not appear in this one; but the lack is well supplied in the main by the new revised issue of Mr. Cooke's "Guide-Book" (3), in which most of the errors of the first edition have been corrected. We regret that some very bad ones remain. We will mention only two, found on a single page and referring to a single passage in "Aristophanes' Apology," which reads thus:—

"Bring the poet's body back,
Bury him in Peiraios: o'er his tomb
Let Alkamenēs carve the music-witch,
The songstress-siren, meed of melody."

Here surely no explanatory note is necessary to make it clear that Peiraios is a locality, and Alkamenēs a sculptor; but Mr. Cooke gives us this amazing gloss:—"Peiraios. A character in the *Odyssey*, son of Clytiūs of Ithaca, and a friend of Telemachus.—Alkamenēs, a king of Sparta, mentioned by Herodotus and Pausanias." Few readers of *The Critic* will need to be informed that Peiraios is the port of Athens, better known by the Latin form of the name, Piræus; and that Alkamenēs the Spartan king was *not* Alkamenēs (or Alcamenēs) the Athenian sculptor. The blunders are only explicable on the supposition that Mr. Cooke made a list of proper names requiring notes, and hunted up those names in books of reference without looking to see if the definition or explanation he selected was pertinent to the text of the

poem. Notwithstanding a few scattered lapses of this kind, his book is an extremely useful appendage to this Boston edition of Browning. The few remaining errors can be corrected in the next reprint.

"A History of My Time"

Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier, edited by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. II. 1812-14. Vol. III. 1814-15. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN THE SECOND and third volumes of this work the personal elements that appeared here and there in the first volume fade out of view entirely, and the title of "Memoir" is no longer nearly so appropriate as the alternate one, "History of My Time." Of course these volumes are partly autobiographical, but it is only of his public life that M. Pasquier speaks. He gives us a full and satisfactory account of his motives for abandoning Napoleon when Alexander of Russia and the allies were besieging Paris, but of the social life of the Empire he gives us no particulars. Nor does he give the details of the Emperor's habits, dress and looks, so eagerly sought for by ardent hero-worshippers. His is a more serious purpose. The work is an informal political history. It is informal, since it is written from the standpoint of an actor in the events recorded, and because the author naturally gives more space to those events that came under his immediate observation. Then, again, those events whose course has already been accurately told by historians, he dismisses with brief mention, since his aim is to correct mistaken impressions. It is a political history written after the manner of the annalist, with here and there criticisms of the deepest insight. Nowhere are his critical faculties seen to better advantage than in his discussion of Talleyrand's conduct at the Congress of Vienna. He shows that Talleyrand's rôle was a brilliant one, but brilliant at the expense of commonsense. Yet from its very nature, its serious purpose, and the absence from its pages of gossip and personal anecdote, the work will not attract so large a circle of readers as other less valuable memoirs have done. For the scholar its value is thereby enhanced.

When the historian uses these volumes, his first duty is to study Pasquier's life and character, to determine how far his narrative and criticism of events are colored by his point of view and personal inclinations. Every narrative of events is partly subjective, and the historian, to get as near as possible to the exact truth, must study the medium by which these facts are reflected. There is a great deal of truth in Goethe's words:—

"The ages that are past
Are now a book with seven seals protected:
What you the Spirit of the Ages call
Is nothing but the Spirit of you all
Wherein the Ages are reflected."

But what Goethe says of past events holds true in regard to any narrative of current events. In estimating the value of any statement, we have to take the element of subjectivity into consideration. The historian, reconstructing the past and criticising and explaining it, has to rely on contemporary witnesses, and, by judiciously collating these various statements, can eliminate the subjective element, which will, however, again enter into his account. The best historian is one whose judgment is serene, unclouded by personal predilections.

In 1789, when the Revolution broke out, Pasquier was on the persecuted side, and his own sufferings, as well as those of his family, render his narrative of events up to 1795 unreliable, but nevertheless of value as the point of view of one of the moderates of the old régime. He welcomed the appearance of Napoleon, since he deemed him the only man capable of saving France from the then prevailing anarchy. Therefore it was without the necessity of any compromise with his conscience that he again entered the public service. Such a course was the only one open to an ambitious and

active patriot, who was loth to spend the remainder of his life in *otium sine dignitate*, in speculating on what might have been if forces beyond his control had not made things as they were. He did not enter the service of Napoleon, but of France. This action, for his expressed motives seem to be the genuine ones, shows that Pasquier was a calm, judicious man, whose judgment and opinions were not likely to be swayed by passion and sentiment. It is his aim, he tells us so frequently, to be perfectly impartial, and in this purpose he has been as successful as it is possible for a man to be when dealing with events in which he himself took an active and, at times, a very prominent part. There seems to be no reason for mistrusting Pasquier's honesty, and we need not be afraid of conscious misrepresentations. There is, also, no reason for questioning the accuracy of his facts, for he had exceptional facilities in gaining and verifying them, and, besides, he was too conscientious to state mere gossip as fact. Shortly before Napoleon's abdication Pasquier abandoned his cause, and used every possible means "to facilitate the Restoration, by making the cause of the Bourbons triumph." His action is not that of the time-server but of a clear-headed man, intent upon his country's best interests. Yet it must not be inferred that in his actions there were no motives of personal expediency; they were present, but subordinate. Then, when Napoleon came back from Elba, Pasquier still adhered to the Bourbons, though to many the result of the ensuing conflict seemed very doubtful. In consequence, he was exiled from Paris, but through the kind offices of Fouché suffered little personal inconvenience. As Pasquier portrays himself directly and indirectly in these volumes, he appears as a calm, ambitious patriot, honorable, to some degree selfish and vain, but on the whole one whose work the historian can use freely with but slight risk.

As we read through these two large volumes dealing with the last three years of Napoleon's active career, we are surprised to find his remarks about the protagonist in this great tragedy so colorless. He occasionally points out some mistake in Napoleon's conduct, but his opinion can only be estimated by casual references, and the general impression the volumes leave. Yet, in one place, he does state that, in his opinion, after the return from Elba, Napoleon's genius was on the decline. Like the man himself, Pasquier's estimate is the calm, judicious one, verging neither to one extreme nor to the other. He admired the marvelous ability of Napoleon, but deprecated the motives that caused the display of such stupendous energy.

A Critical Story of the War for the Union

The Story of the Civil War. By John Codman Ropes. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a work by probably the most distinguished American military critic, which should present, in his own way and out of his marvelous resources, a literary picture of the great War for the Union, was received with pleasure by all those who had read the author's former monograph. Mr. Ropes is a student of war as a science. In the old lands beyond the sea, where roads are surveyed, the lands measured and all the elements preparatory to actual campaigning known with comparative accuracy, it is easy to foresee at least the lines of contest, and to forecast the probability. Yet, besides making himself master of these themes, Mr. Ropes has studied particularly the great area of the American struggle, the various differences, political, social and moral, in the two great divisions north and south of the Potomac and Ohio, and in this work attempts what we believe is a novel enterprise. Civilians like Draper have attempted to analyse the physical and civil elements of the great struggle, and military critics of varying abilities have adjudged the facts of the campaigns and battle-fields, but we do not know of any writer who so combines philosophic insight, rhetorical ability and military knowledge and acumen as does the distinguished member of the Massachusetts His-

torical Society. The work which he has set himself is to be completed in three parts, liberally furnished with battle plans and maps. The first volume, now before us, contains the narrative of events to the opening of the campaigns of 1862. Mr. Ropes attempts to write from the standpoint of each of the contending parties. He makes it very clear that the questions presented to the men of the North were not the same as those which their southern contemporaries had to deal with. It is not true, as many Europeans and even Americans think, that the North and South differed and quarreled about the same things. His opening chapter states in terse and clear sentences the causes which led to secession and war, and here we see at once that the men of the Cotton States, and of the South generally, held a different idea of the state from the men of the North.

Curious as it seems, the Americans reproduced almost exactly the main points of the great controversy through which the Union men and the State-rights men of the old Dutch Republic passed during the great truce of 1609-20, when the founders of Massachusetts were studying politics in Leyden. Then, Maurice, with the overwhelming majority of the Dutch people at his back, believed that the seven States, by virtue of their written constitution of 1579, had formed a Union, and that the Dutch people were a Nation, and that no one State, nor anything less than all the States, had a right to nullify the compact. On the other hand, Barneveldt, with a decided minority, consisting chiefly of burghers and municipal magistrates, believed that the seven States of the Netherlands were so many foreign nations, united only for purposes of war against Spain, and that the whole political structure was only a Confederacy from which any one State, or several States, might secede at pleasure. The ostensible cause of difference which brought the struggle to a head was, in the Dutch case, theology; in the American instance, slavery; but the question as between Union and Secession, national *versus* State rights, was, in both cases, the same and, both in 1610 and in 1861, greater than either ecclesiasticism or slavery. In the first case, the Dutch prevented secession and successful treason without any bloodshed, except that of one man, shed upon the scaffold, while the American nation was plunged into a "blood bath" which lasted four years. Mr. Ropes shows clear knowledge of the condition of things in both the South and North, and in his first five chapters is comprised a masterly and philosophic view of the history, whose externals we know so well. In narrating the course of military events, he shows the same ability to grasp both facts and principles, without unduly favoring either the warrior or the statesman. In fact, his criticisms of Abraham Lincoln are, to our mind, thoroughly just. His pitiless analysis of Stanton shows that his love of truth is not disturbed by personal admiration of qualities which are noble in themselves, but which, when misused, work only harm and danger. He does McClellan justice. There is no work that we know of, which, in such terse and vigorous sentences, sets forth the facts, both political and military, that, in the slowly forming perspective of the coming years, will be accepted as true history by Americans, without regard to their geographical or ancestral affiliations. As the first volume stops abruptly at the end of the twelfth chapter, in which McClellan and Lincoln are pictured in luminous description, we cannot here pass any further judgment upon the work, but shall await with interest the issue of the remaining volumes, contenting ourselves with the expression of our indebtedness to the author for a work which already we value highly.

The New York Times has sent out a third circular to publishers, covering the period of Oct. 1-Dec. 31, 1894, from which it appears that during these three months the paper has given 116 7-8 columns of book-reviews, as against 79 1-4 columns in *The Tribune*, 38 7-8 in *The Post* and 53 1-2 in *The Sun*. In a total of 419 books *The Times* reviewed 277-240 within one month after they were published.

"Old English Ballads"

Edited by Prof. F. B. Gummere. *Athenaum Press Series.* Ginn & Co.

THIS VOLUME forms an admirable introduction to the scientific study of popular poetry. Prof. Gummere has chosen many of the best examples of English and Scottish folk-song, and has illustrated these with notes, both critical and anthropological, and a brief but useful glossary. The introduction and notes make excellent reading, and exhibit character as well as culture. The principle on which the text has been edited is thus stated by Prof. Gummere:—"In most instances the editor has selected what seemed to be the best text, although in one or two cases the best had to yield to the suitable. A few omissions were necessary; here and there, but not very often, combinations were made of different texts; and some unimportant substitution of words was allowed as between version and version." Purists may perhaps quarrel with Prof. Gummere on this ground, but the text of the old ballads has come down to us in so corrupt and imperfect a state, that a certain liberty of redaction is not only permissible, but indispensable. In the editor's words:—"We are not necessarily to think of a single and definite original, the *Urtext*, of a ballad. The versions are not necessarily variations of an original, which has been left to the chances of oral transmission; they may be, and often are, contemporary results of the original artistic process which tended to stamp form and unity upon material mainly due to communal and spontaneous singing." For ourselves, we should rather say that Prof. Gummere has been too sparing of his rectifications. "We may right many a verse," he remarks, "by leaving out a phrase like 'quothe the sheriffe,' in 'Guy of Gisborne,' stanza 20, line 3, or 'he says,' in 'Cheviot,' stanza 16, line 3." Yet he has not allowed himself to make these changes, although they are clearly demanded by the metre. Ballads were made to be sung, but no tune ever composed could accommodate itself to the metrical eccentricities retained by Prof. Gummere. We must not be understood as approving of silent corrections, which belong to a bygone age of criticism. But we regret to observe a tendency to hand these uncut gems of literature over to the folklorists, as though they had no value except as raw material for anthropology. In a long and scholarly introduction Prof. Gummere discusses the question of ballad-origins. "In what degree," he asks, "shall we hold the community responsible for the actual making of a ballad? Where, if at all, are we to admit an individual poet in the process?" So far as the ballads in this collection are concerned, the discussion is little relevant. If it be true, as alleged by Grundtvig and Wolf, that "the ballad must be the outcome and the expression of a whole community, and this community must be homogeneous—must belong to a time when, in a common atmosphere of ignorance, so far as book-lore is concerned, one habit of thought and one standard of action animate every member, from prince to ploughboy"—if this view be correct, we may well ask at what period of English history since the Norman Conquest these conditions have prevailed?

The editor himself admits that "all of the English and Scottish ballads, by the very conditions of their preservation, lie this side of the purely communal stage. * * * Wherever we turn, we find in these ballads something impersonal and communal, which we recognize as their differentiating element; and we also recognize the agency of a singer, a skillful recording secretary, one might say, who stands between us and the community, running withal the chances of oral transmission." Making it his business, however, to trace this "impersonal and communal element" to its source, Prof. Gummere has given a most lucid, impartial and interesting presentation of the facts and theories of ballad-lore. That high authority, Prof. Child, has pronounced a weighty *abiter dictum* on this head. After naming absence of subjectivity and of self-consciousness as a prime trait of the ballad, he adds:—"Though they do not 'write themselves,' as William Grimm has said, though a man and not a people has composed them, still the author counts for nothing, and it is not by mere accident, but with the best reason, that they have come down to us anonymous." Prof. Gummere calls the ballad a survival from a vanished world, when "poetry was a common possession," when "there was no production (to quote ten Brink's admirable phrase), but reproduction. There were variations, additions, spontaneous and free; but no composition, no originality, as we mean the term." The minstrel and the bard came later, and in their hands the ballad received its conventional form. "Successive triumphs of culture involved a series of steps by which the artist came into prominence and was made welcome by a public; as his note grows more insistent, less and less importance attaches to the communal ele-

ments of poetry—singing, dancing, refrain and improvisation. Reverse this course of development: singing and dancing become obligatory, the scope of the refrain widens more and more, improvisation, varying with memory, is a necessity; and we have thus, by steps legitimate in every way, taken our narrative ballad back to a communal origin. * * * A glance at the relations which melody, dance, refrain and improvisation bear to the later narrative ballad shows us that its earliest form could never have been that of a poem such as individual authors compose; and it is these four elements, moreover, dwindled and uncertain as they are, which give us our best notion of primitive poetry in its habit as it lived."

The work does credit to American taste and scholarship.

Educational Literature

THERE WILL BE need of great care in the preparation of future volumes of the Anthropological Series, if they are to compare favorably with "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture," by Prof. O. T. Mason of the National Museum. The subject of this volume has been a hobby of the author's for a good many years, and his opportunities for study were exceptionally good. He should have made a good book of it, and he has. To sift the wheat from the chaff of a thousand books of travel needs a cool head, and to make good use of the wheat, decided literary skill. Prof. Mason has both. His work does not run away from him, and he does not hurry along with his work. Sound judgment is the characteristic of every page. There is no denying the fact that a vast deal of the anthropological work done in this country is very rude. Hasty conclusions, mad-cap theories and impressions based upon insufficient observations are super-abundant. The student is likely to be bewildered by the positive assertions and flat contradictions that he will constantly meet in his reading, but Prof. Mason has not contributed to this unfortunate state of affairs. His book is an able treatise, giving us in most attractive language the truth, and, if not the whole truth, at least nothing but what may be asserted without fear of contradiction. (D. Appleton & Co.)

SIR J. WILLIAM DAWSON, the author of "The Meeting-Place of Geology and History" (Lowell Lectures for 1893), is one of those unfortunate scientists that stand alone so far as their hobbies are concerned. The book is concerned wholly with the no longer vexed question of the antiquity of man. Dr. Dawson admits some evidences of man's antiquity and flippantly sets aside others. He has a theory of his own about palæocosmic man that no other archaeologist looks upon with favor, and, while passing, in reading, from one startling assumption to another, it is refreshing to find it stated that "we may consider it as established beyond cavil that man was already in Europe immediately after the close of the glacial period." If he was, he was in Europe or elsewhere during and before that period, or his pithecoïd ancestors were. The truth is, the archaeology of Europe is now, and has been for some years, very well cleared up, and Dr. Dawson throws no additional light upon the subject; and, if he does not throw actual darkness upon the subject of early America, he at least leaves us in the dark. With evident delight he assures us that Mr. Holmes, a student of Indian pots and kettles, has "effectually pricked" the "bubble" of American palæolithic man. Has he? Mr. Holmes has merely said that he could not find implements in place, *ergo*, nobody ever did, which latter statement is not correct: others have found them. Mr. Holmes drew fanciful pictures to enforce his argument, and claims to have examined no end of yards of trench dug through the Trenton gravel, which trench, by the way, was dug in short sections and boarded up to prevent caving in. But it is not necessary to discuss further this effort to set aside the long-established fact that, some time previous to the glacial period, man appeared upon the earth, and was not confined to any particular continent north of the equator, whatever may have been the case south of the line. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"WALKS AND TALKS in the Geological Field," by Alexander Winchell, LL.D., revised and edited by Frederick Starr, is a new and well-printed edition of an old book, the very fact that it is old being evidence of its merit. It was no light task that Dr. Winchell undertook, when he proposed to popularize geology, for, although the subject is one that suggests poetry and the exercise of literary skill, there has been, and still is, such constant quarrelling among professional geologists, that the greatest care was necessary to make use of such facts as all the "professionals" admit, and avoid the bones of contention. In this Dr. Winchell succeeded, and Mr. Starr, as his editor, has neither added nor subtracted in

any way unwisely. It is a good book, a truthful book, that will hold its own, however numerous the volumes akin to it, that the near future may produce. "Dr. Winchell," the editor states, "desired that it should hold a position between text-books and books of light reading." The thousands of Chautauquan readers have found to their edification and delight, that, while dealing with facts, the volume has all the freshness of superior fiction. (Meadville, Penn.: Flood & Vincent.)

"PRACTICAL FLORA," by Oliver R. Willis, was written, the author says, to fill a long-felt want in botany. If the want has thus been extensive in time, it is to be hoped that it is not so in space; for what is presented in this book is not botany at all, but a mixture of plant-identification, materia medica and agriculture. In his teaching in the New York Military Academy, Mr. Willis found that it "relieved the monotony" to add, to the analysis, the origin, distribution and uses of plants for food and medicine. This goes to show that successful teaching is largely a matter of personality; for it is probable that most teachers would fail with the author's method, and that Mr. Willis himself could interest his students far more were he able to treat the biology of plants as successfully as he does their practical uses. (American Book Co.)—EVAN W. SMALL's lectures on "The Earth" (University Extension Series) are intended to be introductory to elaborate courses of lectures on, or special instruction in, geology, physics and allied subjects, but the reader can rest assured that, if he acquires all the knowledge contained in these 200 neatly-printed pages, he will be a wiser man than most of his fellows. The book is "meaty" throughout. We are told just what it is desirable to know, and told in such a way that we are not likely to forget it. This little book is an excellent one to be read aloud, and discussed at every paragraph, in village reading circles. The many phenomena mentioned are to be seen, and are seen in almost every neighborhood, but usually excite no intelligent interest. One has but to read this book and then look about, to find the world an object of a great deal more interest than he had previously supposed. (London: Methuen & Co.)

J. I. MOMBERT, the author of a life of Charlemagne, has again turned his pen to historiography. This time he has written a small book, "designed to give to busy people a narrative of the grand drama of the Crusades." The attempt of anyone to benefit his fellow-men is worthy of praise, even though, as in the case before us, the work was not judiciously chosen. Another scholar, G. W. Cox, has already done in an excellent manner what Dr. Mombert has essayed to do in this "Short History of the Crusades," which is no improvement on the older work. It adds in no way to our knowledge of the facts, and, besides, the criticisms it contains are neither suggestive nor profound. It may be classed among the books that have no *raison d'être*—books that the printing-press brings forth daily in vast quantities. Its defects are rather of a negative character, and, like men of no individuality, it will neither arouse antagonism nor call forth praise. The author is plainly not in touch with the spirit of modern historical research and his treatment of the subject is what we should expect from a writer of the beginning, not the end, of the century. Though professing a great admiration for Ranke, he has not profited by the illustrious historian's example. The effects of the Crusades, for the philosophical student the most vital part of the subject, are briefly enumerated in seven pages. The only redeeming feature of the volume is the broad-minded manner in which, though a minister, the author criticizes with perfect impartiality both Christian and Moslem. He is, however, too severe on the Eastern Emperors, whose lands were overwhelmed by vast, disorganized armies, containing, besides Europe's noblest men, those that were basest and most despicable. One inaccuracy is worth noticing. Dr. Mombert says that in the Council of Clermont (1095), "the ancient *Truce of God* was made a general law." He has apparently not read Hubert's important monograph, which shows that the *trêve* or *trêve de Dieu* first appears in Rousillon in 1027, and was not fully developed until 1041. Therefore, not even to the men of 1095 was the *Truce of God* an ancient institution. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"A HISTORY OF TITHES," by the Rev. Henry William Clarke, is a new edition of an earlier work, with important additions and corrections, and some modifications of views formerly expressed. Mr. Clarke's real object is polemical rather than historical, for, though his book contains a large amount of historical detail, its aim is to show that the levying of tithes is a practice not sanctioned by Christ

or his Apostles, and not followed in the early Christian church, but gradually introduced during the middle ages. This thesis the author sustains without difficulty, and, though he admits, of course, that the taking of tithes by the clergy is in conformity with Jewish custom, he denies that that custom is authoritative for Christians. The necessary inference is that tithes are a merely human institution, suggested by Jewish precedent and gradually established in the Christian church by custom, which custom, like so many others, ultimately acquired the force of law. Mr. Clarke narrates the early history of tithes in England, beginning with the time of the Saxon kings, showing the effect of the Norman conquest, the influence of the canon law and the relation of the monasteries to the tithe question, and closing with an analysis of the Tithes Acts of 1836 and 1891. In so doing he necessarily presents a great number and variety of details, which are of no interest except to special students of the subject. Happily for us, a special study of the tithe question is of little importance to Americans. Our free churches and our system of voluntary payments are at once more logical and more expedient than the mediæval practices that still prevail in Europe; and Americans who read this book will hope that Europe will not be long in following our example. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

WEBSTER WELLS' "The Elements of Geometry" is a revision of the same author's "Plane and Solid Geometry." Besides other minor changes, a large number of well-selected exercises, chiefly numerical, has been added. In Book I., after each step in the proof, the full statement of the reason is placed in smaller type; and in the following books, to make the pupil more self-reliant, as stated in the preface, the number, only, of the section where the required authority is to be found, is given. This plan will hardly cultivate much self-reliance, as the reference is given, and the pupil can turn to the place at once. After a certain amount of practice, *e.g.*, after one book has been finished as indicated above, why not leave the pupil entirely on his own resources as to the statement of reasons? As the work advances, the demonstrations of the theorems, with few exceptions, should be abridged more and more, and the pupil required to complete them without assistance of any sort. As a general thing, American text-books give too much assistance, and the "Revised Geometry" is open to criticism in this respect. Otherwise the book is an excellent one, well-arranged and clear and logical of statement. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)—"THE FIRST STEPS IN ALGEBRA," by G. A. Wentworth, has been written for pupils in the upper grades of grammar-schools, and contains in its 163 pages all of the subjects usually treated in algebra through quadratic equation and the progressions. The author very wisely gives but one method of elimination in simultaneous equations, and one method of completing the square in quadratics. The introduction of algebra into the grammar grades will spare the pupil the necessity of committing to memory many long and tedious rules. The methods of extracting square and cube root by algebra are much to be preferred to the ordinary processes of arithmetic. (Ginn & Co.)

THE TEACHER finds difficulty in the class-room use of two kinds of text-books—the one, in which facts are incorrectly portrayed, the other, in which the author is so explicit that he leaves no room for the originality of the instructor or the student. In his "Laboratory Course in Invertebrate Zoölogy," Hermon C. Bumpus, Ph.D., aims "to direct the work, without, at the same time, actually telling the student all there is to be learned from the specimens." This effort seems well sustained. Much judgment is shown in the selection of specimens given for study, the majority of which can be very easily procured. In the study of each form the student is led from the simpler to the more difficult steps in dissection; and, in the course of his work, is required to make many drawings. An appendix giving a number of laboratory methods is added. Many of these could be made much more helpful to the student if they were given more in detail, as are, for instance, the methods for embedding tissues in paraffin and celloidin; while others, for example, the methods for staining, receive very scanty notice. (Henry Holt & Co.)—IN "Human Physiology," by John Thornton, M.A., which forms one of the Advanced Science Manuals, the author shows the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the microscopic anatomy of the human frame, before any exact understanding of the functions of its various parts may be obtained, about one-third of the text being devoted to histology. The majority of the 268 illustrations are well selected, particularly the diagrams illustrating the special senses. The text is often very much condensed, sometimes too much for

clearness, making the reading somewhat difficult. The general topics of physiology are brought well up to date, and much valuable knowledge is often expressed in a few words. In dealing with the minute structure, the author sometimes hesitates to insert the more recent views. This is true in discussing the retina, the olfactory and the gustatory organs, where the results obtained by the employment of the Golgi and Ehrlich methylen-blue method have not received their just place. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

SOME TIME AGO, Mr. William M. Thayer published a book on "Ethics of Success" as a reader for the higher grades of schools. This work, though not of the highest order, has real merit, and has attained sufficient popularity to induce the author to issue another book bearing the same title, but intended for schools of a lower grade. It consists of a number of short articles in prose and verse, designed to show the moral conditions on which success in life depends. At the outset, the author reminds his young readers of the fact that the successful man is not he who merely wins fortune and honor, nor even he who acquires great learning, but "he who builds the noblest character," or, in other words, that "the highest manhood and womanhood is success." He then goes on in the usual way to indicate the qualities that are necessary to success, such as honesty, order, industry and others, enforcing his teachings both by exhortation and by the example of successful men. Mr. Thayer makes the mistake common to those who teach morals to the young, of implying that success in the highest kinds of work, such as statesmanship and philosophy, can be won by mere persistent application, ignoring the fact that such work demands unusual mental and moral power, such as the mass of men are not possessed of. But whatever defects the book may have, it can hardly be read by any right-minded boy or girl without making a good impression. The work of moral education is so difficult, that every available help to that end ought to be treated with respect. (Boston: A. M. Thayer & Co.)

A TRANSLATION of "How Gertrude Teaches her Children," Pestalozzi's principal educational work, has been made by Lucy E. Holland and Frances C. Turner, and edited by Ebenezer Cooke. The editor contributes a sketch of Pestalozzi's life and an estimate of his educational method and influence—an estimate altogether extravagant, according to our view, and we are confident that judicious readers of this book will agree with us. The book is so rambling in character, so often obscure and withal so egotistical, that the reader has no small difficulty in finding the few grains of truth it contains; and when found, they are by no means so important as Mr. Cooke would have us suppose. Pestalozzi held that the elements of knowledge are all obtained through the senses, ignoring the intuitions of reason, which are at least equally important; and so his plan of instruction aims almost exclusively at educating the senses and the powers of observation. He had, too, a very imperfect idea of the right way to apply his theory, and it is well known that all of his own educational experiments were failures. Other men since his time have grasped his principles more intelligently, and applied them more successfully than he did; it must be added, however, that the principles themselves, so far as they are true, were by no means new when he announced them. His fondness of children, his moral earnestness and his desire to help the poor and ignorant, are conspicuous in all he did and wrote; but whoever goes to him with the expectation of learning how to teach will be disappointed. (C. W. Bardeen.)

Shakespeareana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Bacon's "Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots."—The fourth book of Dr. Owen's "Cipher Story," recently published, contains this play, to which brief reference was made in these columns some weeks ago. It is a five-act tragedy, and, according to Dr. Owen, is one of several dramas concealed in the works ascribed to Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spenser and other authors, but actually written by Bacon. It is a curious production on account of its origin, but it has no other interest. It certainly is not the work of Shakespeare, or the author of the plays from which much of it has been drawn. The publishers, in an introductory note, say:—"Persons who may doubt that this tragedy is the work of Bacon, or that it and the previously published Cipher writings are derived through the Cipher system in the manner set forth by Dr. Owen, are invited to consider the question: *If Bacon did not write these Cipher works, who did?*" This cannot be answered until Dr.

Owen chooses to divulge the method of the alleged Cipher. When he does this, the absurdity of the theory that Bacon wrote the Cipher books and then wrought them into the texture of the works from which they are now obtained, will doubtless be apparent, as in the case of Donnelly's Cipher narrative. To my mind this absurdity is patent enough even now from the internal evidence of the Cipher compositions. Take, for instance, the following speech of Queen Elizabeth on the second page of this Baconian tragedy:—

"Q. E.—Aye, I do so. I will by visiting this sweet Queen—this subtle-witted, life-rendering politician—find out her attributes. 'Shrew my heart! ere I taste bread, I will unto this planetary plague.'"

The first thing to be noted is the nonsense of it. What does the Queen mean by calling Mary a "life-rendering politician?" The history of this expression is curious and comical. In "Hamlet," iv. 5. 146, the Folio of 1623 reads:—

"La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rendering Politician,
Repast them with my blood."

The palpable misprint of "Politician" was corrected to "Pelican" in the Second Folio (1632), as in every edition since. The same popular notion concerning the pelican is also alluded to in "Richard II." (ii. 1. 126) and "Lear" (iii. 4. 77). It needs no explanation here. Now, according to Dr. Owen, Bacon wrote "life-rendering politician" in the earlier play, where "pelican" obviously would be worse nonsense than "politician" is, even with the epithet of "life-rendering." He could not have been thinking of that bird then. Persons who believe that this tragedy is the work of Bacon are invited to consider *this* question:—Why, when that eminent dramatist transferred his "life-rendering politician" to his "Hamlet," did he describe her (he did at least retain the gender) in terms so palpably inappropriate to the politician, while they fitted the vulgar idea of the pelican so aptly that all subsequent editors and critics took it for granted that the politician *was* a pelican?

Aside from this ornithologico-political problem, note the labor and ingenuity with which our tragedian chopped up and distributed the *disjecta membra* of this one sentence through his later dramatic works. "Sweet Queen" may be found in half a dozen of the pseudo-Shakespearean plays, and nobody but Dr. Owen can tell us which is this particular "sweet Queen"; but "subtle-witted" is found only in "1 Henry VI." i. 1. 25. That is where Bacon chose to hide *that*; and, unless all the critics are hopelessly at fault, he did it very early in his career as a dramatist—probably about 1590. The "life-rendering politician" he kept back until he wrote "Hamlet," first published in 1603, though possibly written a year or two earlier. "Find out her attributes" he amplified a little ("find out that by her attributes") in "Troilus and Cressida," printed in 1609. "Shrew my heart!" appears only in "The Winter's Tale" (i. 2. 281), unquestionably one of the latest of the plays. "Ere I taste bread" is found only in "Lear" (v. 3. 94); and "planetary plague" in "Timon of Athens" (iv. 3. 108), which the Baconians believe to be the last dramatic composition of the great philosopher-playwright. We see that the more important parts of this short passage were scattered by the author through at least six plays written at intervals during twenty years or more! He kept them carefully on hand—duly pigeon-holed and labelled, of course—and distributed them according to a "cipher" devised at the start. When we consider that he did this, not only with the three lines and a half of this little speech, but with all the matter in the eight hundred pages already deciphered by Dr. Owen and probably as much more yet to be deciphered, we must admit that Bacon was the paragon of cryptographers as of philosophers, poets and dramatists. And when we think of the analytical skill necessary for bringing together into their original form and connection these small fragments of thousands upon thousands of sentences scattered through hundreds of books heretofore supposed to be written by six or more different authors, we have to acknowledge that, if Bacon is the king of cryptographers, Dr. Owen is the prince of decipherers. Yet we are told that his method is "so precise and accurate that the young lady assistants can proceed with the unfolding of a story quite independently of Dr. Owen, continuing the work in his absence." Turn the crank, and the machine (formerly described in these columns) does the rest; and the cipher narrative can at once be read off to the type-writer. It occurs to me, however, that when the assistants are running the machine mistakes may occur. Possibly the introduction of that "life-rendering politician" was one of them.

The "Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots," like the other

"Cipher" books, is brought out in excellent style by the Howard Publishing Co. of Detroit.

The Pronunciation of "Jaques" in Shakespeare.—A teacher in Oakland, California, sends me the following note:

"What is the correct pronunciation of *Jaques* in 'As You Like It'? Some of my pupils start at my deviation from their French, when I make two syllables of the name and pronounce the letter *a* as in *name*. I believe that mine is the accepted stage pronunciation, and that it has come down from Shakespeare's time. Does not the metre call for it?"

The question is perhaps not so simple as it seemed to me when I wrote my note on "As You Like It," ii. 1. 29:—"The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that"; but my own opinion has not been changed by anything that has since been written on the subject. I say in that note:—"A dissyllable, as always in Shakespeare," and I quote "All's Well," iii. 4. 4:—"I am Saint *Jaques*' pilgrim, thither gone"; and iii. 5. 98:—"There's three or four to great Saint *Jaques* bound." See also "Love's Labour's Lost," ii. 1. 42: "Of *Jaques* Faulconbridge solemnised," where no one doubts that *solemnised* is four syllables, with the accent on the second. Furness, in his edition of "As You Like It," refers to a discussion in regard to the pronunciation in the London *Athenæum* (July 31, Aug. 14, 21, and Sept. 4, 1880), in which nothing but personal preference was urged in favor of the monosyllabic form, while the requirements of metre were shown to support the dissyllable. Subsequently (*Athenæum*, May 20, 1882) four examples of this latter pronunciation were cited from Greene's "Friar Bacon," five from his "James I.," one from Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," another from his "Soliman and Perseda," and two from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Noble Gentleman." Halliwell-Phillipps, on the other hand, says that the name was pronounced *fakes*; and French says that *fakes* (monosyllabic) was a Warwickshire name in the 15th century. Furness considers that the weight of evidence is in favor of this monosyllabic pronunciation in Shakespeare, but as "the name *fakes* is so harsh and so indissolubly associated with old-time 'Bowery boys,' he hopes that *Jaques* will never be pronounced other than *Jaques*." He says that Mrs. Kemble always gave it so in her readings; and I may add that Charles Lamb makes the name a dissyllable in the lines:—

"The forest walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where *Jaques* fed his solitary vein," etc.

For myself I cannot see that the Warwickshire family name *fakes* has any necessary connection with *Jaques* as used by the dramatists. Just how they pronounced it is not certain, but their metre shows clearly enough that they made it a dissyllable.

Two Volumes of the "Temple" Shakespeare.—"All's Well That Ends Well" and "Twelfth Night" have been added to the charming Temple edition, and keep up the high standard of the series. The former has for frontispiece an etching of the court of the Grammar School at Stratford, and the latter has a particularly good one of the interior of the Middle Temple Hall in London, where "Twelfth Night" was performed in February, 1601 (2), as John Manningham tells us in his Diary. (Macmillan & Co.)

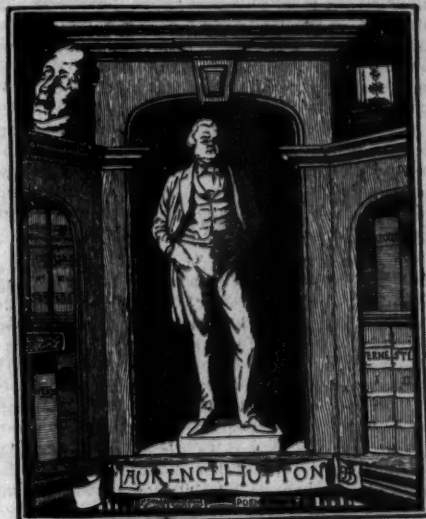
"American Book-Plates"

"IN A FEW YEARS book-plate literature will have a place in the catalogues of the libraries, as it now has in those of the dealers in books," says Mr. Charles Dexter Allen in his preface to the work whose title is given above. It is the first on its special branch of the subject, though in Europe there is already quite a literature of book-plates, Lord de Tabley, Mr. Egerton Castle, M. Henri Bonchot, M. Poulet-Malassis and Herr Warnecke being the most noted authors. Mr. Laurence Hutton and others have written some magazine articles and monographs on American book-plates, but the present volume is the first careful and fairly complete survey of the field. The classification followed is a very sensible one, including name-labels and mottoes, and giving separate chapters to "Armorial Book-plates," "Pictorial and Allegorical Book-plates," "Book-plates of Special Interest" because of their owners, or for other reasons, and "A Few Recent Examples." There are, also, lists of early American plates and engravings, and of mottoes with translations—very useful, we should imagine, to collectors, who will no doubt be interested, also, in the chapters on "Collectors and Collections" and on "Ex Libris Societies."

To those who are not collectors, the most interesting part of the book is the chapters on pictorial plates and plates of special interest, and on recent examples. The latter include a majority of the

really artistic plates, among them that of Mr. Henry Blackwell, with oak-tree, druid and bard and a Welsh motto that means "the wise man loves the things of old." Mr. Blackwell is a noted collector of Welsh literary antiquities. Mr. A. L. Hollingsworth's plate has two charming little genii holding between them a tablet, with the inscription "Un bon livre est un bon ami."

Mr. Hutton's plate is a view of his book-shelves, with a statuette of Thackeray in his characteristic Donnybrook Fair attitude, which suggests that he carries a sprig of shillalah hidden



behind his coat-tails. Mr. Brander Matthews, with a rare sense of the fitness of things, has an American Indian examining a classic mask, with a motto from Molière, "Que pensez vous de cette comédie?" This is better, however, than our naval design of eagle and anchor, as the mask is a savage survival. Mr. Van Allen of Albany, we are sorry to see, has appropriated the design etched by Gavarni for the Goncourts, and Mr. Stedman has a satyr putting his heart into his trade of making music on Pan's pipes.



The early examples of pictorial and allegorical plates have little of the picturesque, and the allegory is of the painfully obvious sort. Among the recent plates, Mr. John Herbert Corning has a figure of Atlas bearing up the world of letters; Mr. Paul Lemperly, the goddess Truth at a Gothic well within a very handsome Gothic border; Dean Sage has fish and rod and landing-net; and Mr. Marcus Benjamin, a smiling youth in a fool's cap riding atilt on a book. With the bibliography compiled by Mr. Eben Newell Hewins, and a full index, the book runs to nearly 450 pages. Ten of the illustrations are excellent copperplates, and there are about 200 other designs. (Macmillan & Co.)

A small volume of about a hundred pages, including a large number of illustrations, describes "The Processes for the Production of Ex Libris." The author, Mr. John Vinycomb, M. R. I. A., gives in succinct shape sufficient information about the processes of wood-engraving, engraving on copper and steel, lithographing and the various photographic engraving processes to enable one (with the help of the illustrations) to tell, as a rule, to what class any particular impression may belong. That it is sometimes difficult to know a photographic reproduction from an original print is admitted; but the main object of the book is to inform collectors how they may have their book-plates engraved,

and in this it is very successful. In process-engraving there are examples produced from pen-drawings, and reproduced either by process-block or photo-lithography, and examples, also, of half-tone work reproduced from soft ground etching, from aquatint and from monochrome drawings. (Macmillan & Co.)

The Lounger

IN A LETTER to Lady Colin Campbell's paper, *The Realm*, Mr. Greenwood, who succeeded Thackeray as editor of *The Cornhill*, says that amongst the mass of papers which Thackeray left behind him he found this in his handwriting on a torn piece of paper:—"As I wrote those words"—next year—"the candles in my study burned down the Christmas holly twined above, then flamed up suddenly, and ere a minute the room was in darkness. I sat by the waning fire and thought in awe and sadness of hearts bright yesterday that are cheerless now, of eyes that have ceased to shine, and dear and tender voices that shall be heard no more." The date on which these words were written is not now ascertainable, but Thackeray, as everyone knows, died suddenly on a Christmas Eve. The last words that he put on paper were "and his heart throbbed with an exquisite joy."

"A CERTAIN New York daily published a few weeks ago in its Sunday edition an illustrated sketch of the present Alexandre Dumas, which contained," writes one of my Paris readers, "a number of errors. It is stated that he lives in the Avenue de Villiers, whereas it is some two years or more since Dumas left his cosy *hôtel* and went around the corner to a less expensive flat. Nor does he still possess the large collection of paintings, etc., which is dwelt upon at some length in the article in question. He sold it when he moved. Nor is it correct to call him a 'wealthy proprietor of a palace.' His rather modest *hôtel* was far from being a palace, and when he left it, Dumas was embarrassed financially. So much for Paris biographies written in New York."

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE—Gilbert Parker of Canada and England is about to marry Miss Vantine, daughter of the well-known importer, the late A. A. Vantine. I thought that, for an English author, Mr. Parker spent an unusual amount of time in America, but now the mystery is explained. American girls seem to be getting a corner in English authors. There are the Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and Rudyard Kipling, with American wives, and now Gilbert Parker is to be added to the list.

FRAU COSIMA WAGNER, the widow of the great musician, is no ordinary woman. When she does anything, she does it her own way. On the occasion of her son's birthday she wrote five poems to celebrate the affair. Instead of putting them under his plate where he would get them at breakfast, or on his piano, or slipping them under his bedroom door, she had them printed and tied them around the necks of her favorite dogs! A Bayreuth editor had never heard of poetry being tried on a dog, and when he released Frau Wagner's verses from the necks of the beasts, and published them in his journal, he thought that he had done a good deed. The poet thought otherwise, and brought suit against the editor for appropriating her property, and he was fined \$7.75, or its equivalent in kreutzers and pfennigs. That the Bayreuth courts should have imposed so small a fine for the purloining of five poems shows how low the market value of poetry must be in that town. One would naturally suppose that where music was held in such high esteem, verse would have a greater value than this, but it seems that, even in Bayreuth, poetry is a "drug in the market."

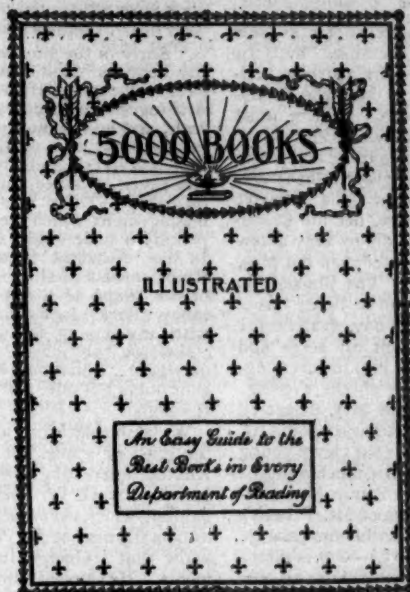
SPEAKING OF MUSIC reminds me that once there was a time when I loved that gentle art as I loved none other, but now I am beginning to wonder if I ever really loved it, for I have got almost to hate it. Everywhere I go some one is pounding a piano or singing a scale. People will go without the common necessities of life, but they will have a piano. I went into a beautiful new building, recently, where, besides offices, there were some living apartments to rent. I always listen for a piano when I go into a new building, and I am always sure to hear one. This time I heard one without trying. "How many pianos have you in this building?" I inquired of the janitor. "I'm not quite sure," he replied, "for I've lost count, but I know of twenty, and there are probably more." Twenty pianos under one roof, and that not a very large one, as New York roofs go! Some one told me of a fine new building uptown near the Park, and as one never knows

when one may be moving in New York, I went to look at it. It is a fine building, and the rooms are much larger than are usually found in this city for living purposes, but such pandemonium! The size of the rooms had attracted music teachers, and on every floor I heard a deep-voiced contralto, a high-pitched tenor, a roof-shaking basso, an embryo Paderewski, the see-saw of a violin or the tooting of a trumpet. "You may keep your rooms," said I; "I'll take my purgatory later." And I went back well satisfied to my own quarters, where, luckily for my peace of mind, the owner of the piano nearest to me is seldom at home, and when she is, plays good music. The others I scarcely hear.

THERE IS AN interesting account of Stanley J. Weyman in the last number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. Mr. Weyman lives in the country, at Ludlow, Salop, which latter is the short for Shropshire, and he is "eating his white bread" now. He has not had an easy time all his life, but if he continues to write such popular stories as "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe," his days of struggle are over. It is curious enough that his first books were modeled upon Anthony Trollope's stories of country parish life—very different from the romantic tales of fighting France that have made his reputation. Mr. Weyman does a good deal of reading before he begins to write, and when he gets down to the writing of a story he "considers a thousand words a fair day's work." What Sybarites these authors are! Think of the poor journalist who grinds out his four or five thousand words a day—if he be not a "space man,"—and not always such bad stuff, either.

THAT REMARKABLE CHILD, Helen Keller, is in New York, and it was my good fortune to meet her at the house of a friend. She is a young girl in her teens now, and is much better informed than most girls of her age, though she is blind and deaf. She was dumb as well, but has been taught to speak. Her articulation is slow and strange, but it is perfectly distinct. Of course, her one sense is that of touch, and she has developed it to the highest capacity. A death-mask of Keats was laid on her lap and, passing her hands over it, she expressed her admiration for the evidences of intellect that she found in it. She even detected the smile that parts the lips of the dead poet. A bust of Napoleon was also given to her. After passing her hands gently over it, she recognized the features, and said that she thought it must have been made during his victorious days, for the expression was less anxious than in the one she had "seen" a day or two before. Not only has this child a most remarkable mind, but she must have had the most careful and intelligent training, for she is not merely well-informed, but cultivated.

AND SO the old Herald Building at Broadway and Ann Street has been sold and is to give way to a modern twenty-story office building. The Herald Building is only five stories high, which was considered a pretty good height when it was built, but is considered no height at all in these days of steel frames, fire-proof bricks and elevators. I am sorry to have the old building go. It was anything but comfortable as a newspaper office, but I was fond of it for old association's sake. When I first knew the Herald office, all the editorial rooms, the city department and the library were on the second floor. Only the former were lighted by the sun, all the others were dark. The city department was darker than all the rest, and the gas burned there all day as well as all night. That was before the days of electricity, so the place was always hot and ill-ventilated. The reporters showed the effects of it in their pale faces and red eyes. The so-called reception-room was a dingy little place at the top of a winding iron stair. Everyone had to climb those stairs who had business with any of the editorial departments, except Mr. Bennett himself, who had a little iron stairway of his own that led from the counting-room downstairs to the library. After a while the editorial rooms were moved up to the third floor, and the city department had fine light and airy quarters on the fourth floor. But oh! what stairs to climb! Everybody was enchanted with the change, notwithstanding the stairs, and there were some who felt a touch of regret when the office was moved uptown. But the majority were pleased, as well they might be, to have such a fine place to work in. The people who patronize the reception-room should be the most grateful of all, for the contrast between this new one and the dingy old one at the top of the cork-screw stairs could hardly be greater. Yes, I shall be sorry to see the old building go. It was considered very fine in its early days, and people came from far and near to see it, as they now come to see the beautiful building on Herald Square.



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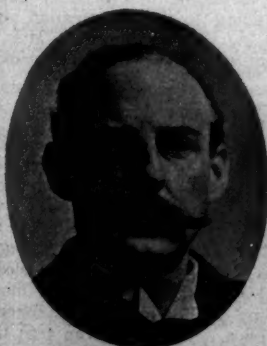
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The February Magazines

"The Atlantic Monthly"

The Atlantic has caught a most timely subject, so far as New York readers are concerned, in "A Study of the Mob," by Boris Sidis, who argues that the mob is "hypnotized by a strong, sudden action, and becomes for a time obedient to him who hypnotized it; that is, to the ringleader, to the hero." There must have been a good deal of hypnotizing in Brooklyn recently.—Mrs. Fields appears again in the pages of this magazine, and writes of her friend, the late Celia Thaxter, whose biography she is preparing for early publication. While the name of Celia Thaxter was familiar to all who know American literature, her life was so quiet, so retired, that she was known personally to only a few people. Among these few no one knew her better than did Mrs. Fields. Writing to her friend of her life at "The Shoals" in March, Mrs. Thaxter said:—"This is the time to be here; this is what I enjoy! To wear my old clothes every day, grub in the ground, dig dandelions, and eat them too, plant my seeds and watch them, fly on the tricycle, row in a boat, get into my dressing-gown right after tea, and make lovely rag rugs all the evening, and nobody to disturb us,—this is fun!" Happy Mrs. Thaxter!—The promised series of "New Figures in Literature and Art" is begun by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, who writes of that clever young sculptor, Daniel Chester French, the designer of the much admired colossal statue of the Republic at the World's Fair. Mr. Cortissoz lays particular stress upon the Americanism of Mr. French's work, which is nowhere better exemplified than in his first statue, the "Minute Man," unveiled at Concord in 1875.—It is pleasant to find Miss Edith Thomas so frequent a contributor to *The Atlantic*. Her work is so literary that it well befits the traditions of this magazine. She is in a way wearing the mantle of Dr. Holmes, for she writes in delightful prose and drops as easily into verse. She lacks Dr. Holmes's humor, though she is far from being devoid of that quality, but she is more graceful as a poet. Here is a little example of her manner:—

"I have tried to love the faults of several of my friends; but the effort too often seems like encouraging a known traitor in the house of a friend. If I love my friend well, shall I not appraise him of the lurking enemy? Now, if I, too, were to call the Muse to my aid to state the case, I think she would speak in some such language as the following:—

Think'st thou if any skill could draw a veil,
Or tenderness could shield, that Love's would fail?
No, no. Love saw thy fault, that fault thou hast,
For shaftlike through Love's breast its knowledge passed;
And ere Love's trembling lips its name could urge,
Love had endured fast, vigil, and the scourge."

There are some good stories in this number, "The Life of Nancy," by Sarah Orne Jewett, "A Village Stradivarius," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and "Come Down," by A. M. Ewell, whose name is a new one to us. There is a good deal of dialect in these stories, but we are getting used to it, and almost to like it.—The three popular English novels are discussed at length, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," "The Manxman" and "Trilby." We do not agree with the writer in his good opinion of the first-named book, nor are we altogether with him in his criticism of the second. In writing of "Trilby"—exhaustless theme—we find him more sympathetic.

"The Century Magazine"

MANY YEARS AGO, when we were youngsters, we thought that we knew a good deal about Napoleon Bonaparte, but we knew nothing compared with what we know now in the light of Pasquier, Masson and Prof. Sloane, or what we shall know, when the Sloane life is finished and the Memoirs of Barras are given to the world. Prof. Sloane opens the February *Century* with the fourth instalment of his life of the great soldier, covering his career up to his first military success. Of the illustrations, we like those from contemporary portraits the best. They seem more like history than do the modern drawings of Pape and Castaigne, admirable though the latter be.—What a fund of delightful recollections Mrs. James T. Fields has! A fine sample of this well-filled store-house is her paper about Dr. O. W. Holmes. We are sorry for the people who do not like personalities; they lose a good deal. When we say personalities, we do not mean privacies. We mean anecdotes that are quite permissible, and that add much to our knowledge of people we want to know about. It is the anecdotes so freely published of Dr. Holmes that have made him so dear to us, because

they have acquainted us with his lovable personality. Mrs. Fields says of Dr. Holmes's love of boating:—

"Early in the morning, sometimes before sunrise, standing at my bedroom window overlooking the bay, I have seen his tiny skiff moving quickly over the face of the quiet water; or, later, drifting down idly with the tide, as if his hour of exercise was over, and he was now dreamily floating homeward while he drank in the loveliness of the morning. Sometimes the waves were high and rough, and adventures were to be had; then every muscle was given a chance, and he would return to breakfast tired but refreshed. There was little to be learned about a skiff and its management which he did not acquire. He knew how many pounds a boat ought to weigh, and every detail respecting it. In the 'Autocrat' he says:—'My present fleet on the Charles River consist of three rowboats: 1. A small flat-bottomed skiff of the shape of a flat-iron, kept mainly to lend to boys. 2. A fancy 'dory' for two pairs of sculls, in which I sometimes go out with my young folks. 3. My own particular water skully, a 'skeleton' or 'shell' race-boat, twenty-two feet long, with huge outriggers, which boat I pull with ten-foot sculls, alone, of course, as it holds but one, and tips him out if he does not mind what he is about.'"

We wish that Mrs. Fields had taken a "snap-shot" at him pulling the ten-foot sculls, but her pen has made a pretty picture.—Another interesting personal article is "Characteristics of George Inness," by G. W. Sheldon, with a portrait of the distinguished painter, which everyone, until he sees the name under it, will take to be a likeness of Dr. Parkhurst in his thirties. It interests us to know that "George Inness had no jealousies and few amusements. He smoked some, and took long walks. Often he painted fifteen hours a day. On the dozen or more canvases in his studio he worked as the humor seized him, going from one to another with palette and mahl-stick, and always standing when painting."—There is a note of personality, also, in Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "People in New York," but she describes types, rather than individuals. Mrs. Van Rensselaer loves New York, and she writes appreciatively of its sights and scenes. We hope that she will give us more of these easily read papers. Mr. Gibson furnishes the illustrations in his inimitable fashion. The page picture, "She Looks Well at a Ball," is open to criticism. The girl's face is lovely enough, and her sleeves are all right, but do girls wear such straight-up-and-down garments in ball-rooms?—Still more personalities are found in Mr. Noah Brooks's anecdotes of "Lincoln, Chase and Grant." Mr. Brooks was a well-known journalist in Washington during the War, and knew the men he writes about, particularly Lincoln, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. There is much good material in these papers, as future historians will find.—Those who are interested in the world's progress will find much to stimulate their minds in "New Weapons of the United States Army," by Victor Louis Mason. When one reads of these new weapons, his hope of arbitration succeeding arms as a settler of international difficulties disappears.—We are glad to find John Hay's name at the bottom of a page, if it is only attached to a sonnet. There are longer poems, one by Sir Edwin Arnold, whom we admire more as an editor than as a poet, and another by R. U. Johnson, on an incident of the Montenegrin War. There are stories, of course, both short and serial, but this is only a run through the magazines, and we do not propose to mention everything they contain. We must, however, mention an article by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, on the life "In the Gray Cabins of New England," because it is going to attract attention, and we want to be among the first to say that we think that Mrs. Davis has hit the nail on the head; but we doubt if they will think so in New England.

"Harper's Monthly"

DR. ANTONIN DVORAK's paper on "Music in America" will at once attract the attention of the musician and the amateur of music. It is an excellent article and full of suggestive thoughts. Nothing but the fact that he has been "pressed to do so" would induce Dr. Dvorak to write on so vast a subject as the one under consideration, for he has "neither travelled extensively," nor has he been here long enough to "gain an intimate knowledge of American affairs," but from his experience here as a musician and teacher, he has gained some decided impressions concerning Americans and music in America. The American trait that at once impressed him the most, he at first called "push," but, when he observed it closer, he found that it was enthusiasm. He did not like it at first, because he thought that it indicated a want of

thoroughness; but now he likes it, and has come to the conclusion "that this youthful enthusiasm and eagerness to take up everything is the best promise for music in America." This is certainly amiable of Dr. Dvorák, but we wonder whether there is not more amiability than truth at the bottom of it? He is quite right in insisting that there are plenty of themes for national music in this country, and equally right when he names the Negro melodies and Indian chants as the true sources from which our composers should seek inspiration.—Mr. Janvier, who is as much at home in old New York as he is in old Provence, discusses the colonial privateers, and does so with a sympathetic pen. "According to their lights," he finds that these old-time sailors "did their whole duty," for morals were simple in those days, and, though there was not much difference between privateers and pirates as far as their professional habits went, there was much in the name.—Is it our fault or the author's that we have read Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's story, "John Sanders, Laborer," without being moved? We felt that we ought to have winked our eyes and coughed down a lump in our throat, but we didn't; all we were conscious of after reading the story was that it was a touching incident and well told, but the pathos of it had failed to move us.—Mr. Hardy's "Hearts Insurgent" is getting more interesting. We prefer the girl who illuminated texts to the one who stuck pigs. We find it hard to get into sympathy with the latter, though her work was no doubt as necessary to the welfare of her fellow-citizens' bodies as the other's was to their souls.—Mr. Poultney Bigelow has turned his attention from German politics long enough to visit Northern Africa and write a lively article on the French fighters there. He tells an amusing story to illustrate the Arab character. A general in the African service of whom Mr. Bigelow asked, "Can you trust these Turcos and Spahis in case of war?" replied by telling of a chief, whom he had saved from beggary and disgrace, and who, to prove his gratitude, brought him a costly present.

"I never accept presents from natives," said the general, in parenthesis. "Whoever accepts a present from an Arab loses his authority at once." The chief was very much chagrined at the general's determination, and sought in vain to alter it. Finally, in a fit of uncontrollable emotion, and with a choking voice, he raised his hand solemnly and said:—"General, you have saved me from dishonor. I owe you all I have. Let me make you a gift more valuable to you than any precious stone. It is one word of advice: *Never trust an Arab—not one—not even me!*" With which strange, not to say paradoxical, warning the chief disappeared. "That happened several years ago," said the general, "but each day I realize more fully the value of that strange gift. The Arab has his nature, which is not yours or mine. He may live twenty years with you; respect and admire you; serve you faithfully; even spill his blood for you—but all that counts for nothing. The next year he may cut your throat."

Charles F. Lummis will have us all starting for the West Coast if he continues these tales of money-getting there. When he puts down a five-dollar gold piece for seventy-five cents' worth of goods, the obliging tradesman hands him back six dollars and seventy-five cents as his change. This is the only place we ever heard of where shopping is a money-making business for the shopper.—It is not often that we find the Hon. John Bigelow's name in the magazines, not as often as we should like. Usually he writes of literary subjects, but this time he asks, "What is Gambling?" and his answer seems to be that there is more gambling going on than is described under that head. We should feel rather unhappy to think, with Mr. Bigelow, that there is no such thing as luck. We have always wanted to be lucky, having heard from childhood that it was "better to be born lucky than rich." Now, if we are not rich and we cannot hope for luck, where is our chance of happiness?—Mr. Warner discusses in true *Warneresque* fashion the present irruption of "The Yellows in Literature," and, as they have emanated largely from London, he attributes them to the fog, and argues that they are "a sign of degeneration, like the phosphorescent light from decaying vegetable matter."—We quite agree with that genial Scotch-American, Mr. Laurence Hutton, that Ian Maclaren "does not seem to be possessed of much natural aptitude for gaiety himself, but his genius for funerals is remarkable."

"Scribner's Magazine"

MR. ROBERT GRANT touches the great servant question in his second paper on "The Art of Living," which deals with "The Dwelling." Mr. Grant considers the domestic servant an un-American institution, but admits that she flourishes among us, though never of native stock. The unwillingness of American

girls to enter domestic service he ascribes (as has been done often before, and with reason) to the independent national character, which admits of no social superiority—or, as the superficial foreigner remarked, "The American, in his social philosophy, does not object to inferiors, but will not admit a single superior above him"—for the same woman who would not go out to service, will, if she prospers, feel no scruples about keeping servants. Mr. Grant, being a man, and a very experienced one, at that, has overlooked, however, one important factor in the miserable, nerve-destroying business, and that is the average American woman's utter incapacity for training servants. This paper shows the author's delightful humor at its best, and the experience of a dweller in the suburbs and in the heart of the city, in houses and apartments and family-hotels, is spread out with lavish hand for the benefit of those who contemplate matrimony or have already committed it and are at their wits' ends.—Mr. Augustine Birrell's paper on "James Anthony Froude" is a little puzzling to us, as is the great historian's "method." Mr. Birrell calls our attention again—as though that were necessary!—to the splendid dramatic sweep of Froude's narrative, and then makes the following discriminating remark, which deserves attention:—

"The first thing that must strike the mind of anyone who looks at Froude's writings, as a whole, is their amazing sameness of object, or, at all events, point of view. It is always the same nail he is hammering on the head. It reminds one of Pope's ruling passion. It crops up everywhere and at all times, firing his zeal wherever he is. What is that object? Why, to counteract what he calls 'the Counter-Reformation, to denounce monkery; to unfrock priests by stripping them of all sacramental pretensions; to topple over everything standing between man and the Force which called him into being; to preach good works and plain homespun morality.' This was Froude's work from 1849 to 1894. If only he was about this business he did not mind blundering about his facts; a misquotation or two never disturbed his night's rest. * * * The last book of his is his 'Erasmus,' * * * one of those very Neo-Catholics Froude so heartily abhorred. * * * He took as his text the letters of Erasmus, and selecting from them those passages which most interested him as he read them, translated them from the Latin into racy English, passing upon them as he went along his familiar commentary. The result is a most fascinating volume. Erasmus seems alive once more. Whether Froude's Erasmus is the true Erasmus is of course matter of controversy. All Mr. Froude would ever have said is, 'It is my notion of Erasmus. What is *yours*?' Good history or bad, it is a blow in the face to Neo-Catholicism, and perhaps that is all Mr. Froude ever meant it to be."

Bret Harte's "Question of Privilege—Reported by Truthful James" is one of those contributions to current letters in which Mr. Harte just misses being himself at his best.—Mr. Brownell's article on "Recent Work of Elihu Vedder" deals nominally only with that gifted artist's decorations for the Huntington house in this city and the Bowdoin College Art Building, but in reality takes in his personality and his aesthetic point of view, in a short appreciation that is illuminating and well worth reading.—The new article in the series of American Wood-Engravers deals with Gustav Kruell, who has engraved the beautiful portrait of Froude that forms the frontispiece of this number. While on the subject of illustrations, we may add that the reproductions of Vedder's work, and of his portrait by William Sergeant Kendall, are among the best things that have recently appeared in these pages. Of great interest, also, are a portrait of Philip Gilbert Hamerton and the nine portraits of early American statesmen, drawn from historical paintings by Otto H. Bacher. The latter accompany Noah Brooks's article on "The Passing of the Whigs," which leads us to repeat what we said last month regarding the value and interest of Mr. Brooks's work for every student of American history and American party politics in the past. Mr. Brooks has this to say of personal abuse in old-time political campaigns, which shows again, that, after all, the good old times left something to be desired:—"Nothing in modern times can equal the virulence and the apparent exacerbation of the presidential campaign of 1828, when Andrew Jackson was formally entered in the presidential race against John Quincy Adams. Personal abuse was rife. Adams, the impeccable; the frigidly just, was accused of a variety of crimes, one of the least of which was that he acted as a procurer for the Czar of Russia. Clay was branded as an unprincipled adventurer, a professional gambler, a libertine, and an accomplice of Aaron Burr. Jackson was stigmatized as a murderer, a duelling manslayer, a cock-fighter and a turf-sportsman."—The quaintness of moral tone and orthography of "Some Old Letters" written about 1750 by a New England Puritan farmer to his son, a student, at

Princeton College, makes them worth reading from beginning to end, and difficult to quote from. We learn from them once more, however, that the Puritans had an eye for the main chance in this world as well as the next.—Of Mr. Meredith's "Amazing Marriage" we prefer to speak when it is further advanced. It promises well, however, and proceeds vigorous in plot and character-drawing.

"The Popular Science Monthly"

WE HAVE REPEATEDLY called attention to Prof. James Sully's "Studies of Childhood," which in this number are concerned with the baby's "First Attacks on the Mother Tongue." These papers are not merely interesting in the sense in which so much "popular science" is—read with pleasure, and then forgotten: they are of the greatest practical value to parents and educators, and to older brothers and sisters, and cousins and aunts, too. And the wider grows the circle of readers of this series, the brighter will grow the child's chances of happiness and understanding, and of intelligent help in its struggle with the many puzzles presented to its alert, active little brain by the grown-up life around it.—Dr. S. T. Armstrong, in talking of "The Serum Treatment of Diphtheria," discusses its great cost, although, according to him, "The British Institute for Preventive Medicine finds that the serum for a single case costs, to be manufactured, from fifteen to twenty-five cents." The efficacy of the treatment has been abundantly demonstrated, but his interesting paper fully shows how delicate a process it is, requiring eternal vigilance, and the testing of each lot of serum separately to ascertain its efficacy. The Board of Health of New York, he says, has found specimens of serum for sale, bacteriological tests of which demonstrated their worthlessness.—Another of the seemingly most potent objections to the theory of evolution is disposed of by the Hon. G. Brinton Scribner in "Brain Development as Related to Evolution."

"It is claimed," he says, "by an immense number of people who are but slightly acquainted with the subject in its broadest significance, that the cranial capacity of these early men is found to be nearly equal to that of modern savages; that the cranial capacity of the modern savage is nearly equal to that of the average routine laborer among the civilized of to-day; and that these facts are inconsistent with the alleged progressive and developing character of man structurally and organically. And it is also urged that these discoveries really show affirmatively that man, as a human being, has always been mentally, structurally, and organically just what he is now, as least as far back as we have been able, with all our research, to trace him. * * * This objection is what it appears to be, a random shot, or a convenient expedient, resorted to by that large class of persons who have made no exhaustive examination of the subject; but, baseless as it is in fact, it has about it a certain degree of plausibility not common with its predecessors. Moreover, as it is probably the last objection possible in the premises, it is better to deal with it patiently and set it aside carefully and becomingly."

He then proceeds to explain that the evolution of the human brain has been in quality—not in quantity, for Nature is ever on the alert, and saw that otherwise we would not be able to carry our heads around with us. So when the head had grown to its full proportion of weight and size, the brain began to develop its convolutions, to improve its quality, as life became more complex. Therefore, though a Bushman's or a Hottentot's brain may weigh more than that of a German professor, it will be found, on comparison, to have far fewer convolutions, and those very short, narrow and simple.

"It is surprising," continues Mr. Scribner, "that this objection has not been earlier demurred to on the specific ground of inadequacy. It now appears that as well might the cranial capacity of an ape as that of a savage or a primitive man be made the basis of this objection, since in all three cases further head growth has been checked at the point of undue proportion to the body, and thereafter increasing mental activity has found a physical substitute for further head or brain growth in the preservation, as a fitter adaptation, of every fortuitous variation in the direction of these increased convolutions, first foreshadowed in the quadrumania, reaching the highest complexity in civilized man, and coordinated to advancing intelligence at every intermediate step."

Not content with vindicating evolution in its past history, the writer casts a look at the future, and sees in it a possibility of atavism in the case of the modern laborer, who learns to do one thing, and does it all his life, without need of exerting his brain in other directions:—

"His children now receive a rudimentary education in public institutions, their moral and religious instruction is received in the

free Sunday-school; hospitals, dispensaries and doctors take care of him when ill, and charitable societies take charge of him when he comes to want; savings banks receive his money and manage his investments; insurance companies relieve him from the calamities of fire and flood, accidents, illness, and death; * * * the police protect his person and his property, and the courts settle his disputes; he is examined, vaccinated, and protected from contagious diseases at public expense; the overseers of the poor help him in unexpected exigencies; public baths are provided for his use, and public soup houses are opened for him in time of general depression; * * * trades-unions tell him when he may and may not work * * *. Thus all the complex cerebral and convolitional development in his case, which it has taken perhaps some hundreds of centuries to build up, is rendered comparatively superfluous and, to the same extent, like all unexercised and useless organs or parts of organs, positively detrimental and so to be modified or got rid of * * *. Thus the routine laborers, constituting a large proportion of the inhabitants in many civilized countries, most of whom have, or recently had, sufficient cerebral capacity for great mental activity, are left with little more need of, or exercise for, a complex organ of thought in the performance of their actual work than a caged squirrel has in rotating his wheel."

Helen Zimmern's article on "Symbols," apropos of Ferrero's "History and Philosophy of Law and Sociology," is suggestive and well worth reading.

"Lippincott's Magazine"

LOVE furnishes the plot and most of the characters of so great a number of novels, that it is astonishing that something new is constantly found to wrap around the old, old story, and make it again palatable and seemingly new. Wills, too, have been utilized in novels until they have become worn at the folds and the ink has become faint; but both the love-affair and the will have been used with considerable originality by Harriet Riddle Davis in "The Chapel of Ease," which is the "complete novel in this number of *Lippincott's*." The scene of this story is laid in Maryland; on the whole, it is a performance that will occupy the reader and keep him interested till the end, especially after he has once discovered the existence of an obnoxious clause in Col. Brent's will, referring to his widow's second marriage.—Fred. Perry Powers's article on "The Fate of the Farmer" is suggestive, and contains in a simple form much of what economists have been discussing in more technical language for many years. Mr. Powers traces the rise of Populism among the most conservative class of this country—its backbone, in fact—to the change of conditions, which is transforming the free American farmer of earlier days, who owned the land he tilled, into a tenant-farmer of the European kind, with no hope of ever owning the ground, and only the prospect of higher rent as the value of the land increases.—Mr. William Cecil Elam deserves the thanks of the community and the attention of dialect writers. "The flood of Negro-talk that has discolored our recent literature," he says, "is not a dialect. * * * Hardly any of it is even provincialism, and still less is the survival of old forms and usages. * * * It is kitchen-talk, as distinguished from that of the parlor; and, although it may occasionally offer us a word or a phrase having some philological or historical interest, it does not approach the dignity of a dialect." There is a Negro dialect, no doubt, but its principal characteristics cannot be shown "by mere spelling or pronunciation. They exist in the tone of his voice, his manner of speech, his inarticulate interpellations and interjections. After these comes his frequent use of words in utterly unexpected senses." We greatly apprehend with Mr. Elam, however, that "the conventional Negro and his conventional lingo are firmly fixed in our literature."—We regret that Annie Steger Winston has made so little, so very little, of so promising a subject as "The Pleasures of Bad Taste," which opens an almost limitless field for observation and speculation—a field, which, unhappily, she has left unexplored, after having discovered it.—Mr. Richard Stillman Powell has dropped into poetry in "With Weyman in Old France;" and the Muse has also inspired Florence Earle Cotes, Carrie Blake Morgan and Edith M. Thomas.—Champion Bissell's "Idyll of the Forties" is an elaboration of the well-known tenet that a man should marry the daughter of his first love.

"The Cosmopolitan"

THE "STAR" ARTICLE of this number is that of General Lord Wolseley, on "China and Japan." Lord Wolseley extols the former nation:—

"I believe the Chinese people to possess all the mental and physical qualities required for national greatness. They love the

land of their birth with a superstitious reverence; they believe in their own superiority, and despise all other races. They are fine men, endowed with great powers of endurance; industrious and thrifty; they have few wants and can live on little, and that little, poor food. Absolutely indifferent to death, they are fearless and brave, and when well trained and well led make first-rate soldiers. I have seen them under fire, and found them cool and undismayed by danger. If they were provided with a small proportion of English officers and were organized as the Egyptian army has been by us since 1882, their army would soon be, according to my opinion, one of the finest. I recommend the employment of English officers in preference to those of other nations, because we seem to have greater aptitude for that sort of work among eastern races than gentlemen of other nationalities, and we have had far greater experience at it.

All that China needs, according to this writer, to make it "the greatest and most powerful nation that has ever dictated terms to the world" is—a Napoleon! A Napoleon is a *rara avis*. The world has never had but one. It will be a long time before it has another, as France will learn to her sorrow.—The series, "Great Passions of History," has now reached its sixth instalment. To the lot of Anatole France has fallen the story of Abelard and Héloïse. M. France has added nothing to the poetry or the pathos of the story in the telling. He seems rather to have been handicapped by his opportunity.—Rosita Mauri, one of the foremost dancers of her day, writes of "The History and Progress of the Ballet." In the course of her article Mlle. Mauri says that the "rôle of the *grande danseuse* is slowly passing away," and predicts that, unless the directors of the subsidized theatres "make the sacrifices necessary to bring about reforms, within ten years danseuses and artistes, properly speaking, will no longer exist." Besides her own portrait and those of some famous dancers of past generations, Mlle. Mauri gives one of Subra, who divides the plaudits of the Parisian public with her. If our memory serves us, Subra was our favorite when we saw them both dance at the Grand Opera House, a few years ago.

"New England Magazine"

OF MOST INTEREST among the contents of this magazine for February are Henriette Knight Smith's history of "The Lowell Institute" and E. P. Powell's account of "The Rise and Decline of the New England Lyceum." The author of the former article begins with a glimpse at the intellectual life of early New England:—

"In the old days the rigorous Puritan conscience forbade all worldly amusements; and the playhouse, above all, was absolutely prohibited. Courses of lectures on religious subjects, however, were encouraged as essential to the training of the young. These lectures, which in Massachusetts were numerous, became so long and burdensome, although after all they seem to have been the delight of the Boston people, that in 1639 the General Court took exception to the length of them and to the ill effects resulting from their frequency, whereby it was claimed that 'poor people were greatly led to neglect their affairs, to the great hazard also of their health, owing to their long continuance into the night.' Boston expressed strong dislike at this legislative interference, 'fearing that the precedent might enthrall them to the civil power, and besides be a blemish upon them with their posterity, as though they needed to be regulated by the civil magistrate, and raise an ill-savor of their coldness, as if it were possible for the people of Boston to complain of too much preaching.' The magistrates, fearing trouble, were content to apologize and abandon their scheme of shortening the lectures or diminishing their number, resting satisfied with a general understanding 'that assemblies should break up in such season that people dwelling a mile or two off might be at home before late night-fall.'"

What an amount of fun "Chip" would have extracted from this episode in Puritan history! The paper ends with a complete list of the Lowell Institute lectures and lecturers, 1839-1894.—Mr. Powell's article is well filled with anecdotes of the great lecturers of an earlier day:—"Wendell Phillips's fee was one hundred and fifty dollars; but he always gauged his audience, and refused to take more than his share. On one occasion I handed him a roll of bills, saying, 'Your fee, Mr. Phillips.' 'But how much is there?' he said. I answered, 'One hundred and fifty dollars, as we promised.' 'You did not have a house to warrant it; I will not take it,' and he handed me back seventy-five dollars." * * * "Emerson * * * was as dry as an east wind to a popular audience at best; on this occasion the puzzled hearers * * * voted him the worst bore in America." * * * "Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Stanton were always acceptable and drew large audiences. * * * The ablest of all conversationalists * * * was Mrs. Leonowens. * * * Mrs. Livermore ranks next, I think, in this line among women." Concluding, the author says:—

"The lyceum, what is left of it, is no longer the New England conscience bound on a voyage to convert the world to political and social righteousness. * * * The work is done. The lyceum rose to great power, and fell away and practically died, inside a single quarter of a century. But it killed slavery; it broke the power of superstitious theology; it made women free; it created a universal demand for higher culture."

Another paper in this number that is well worth reading, is "A New Birth in the City and the State," by Raymond L. Bridgman: from it we learn again how far-reaching and potent are the consequences of the crusade begun in this city by Dr. Parkhurst. John White Chadwick's article on "The Harvard Divinity School," also, deserves glancing through.

"The Pall Mall Magazine"

MR. BESANT makes a timely observation in this month's instalment of his history of Westminster anent the so-called ostentation and barbarous luxury of our millionaires.

"When one reads," he says, "of the entertainments, the banquetings, the mumming, the music, the gold and silver plate, the cloth of gold, the blaze of color everywhere—in the hangings, in the coats of arms, in the costumes, in the trappings of the horses—we must remember that this magnificence was not in those days regarded as ostentation. So to speak of it betrays nineteenth-century prejudice. It is only in this present century that the rich man has been expected to live, to travel, to dress, to entertain, very much like the men who are not so rich. Dives now drives in a carriage little better than that of the physician who attends him. He gives dinners little better than those of the lawyer who conducts his affairs. If he lives in a great house, it is in the country, unseen. To parade and flaunt and exhibit your wealth is, as we now understand things, bad form. In the time of Cardinal Wolsey it was not bad form: it was the right and proper use of wealth to entertain royally; it was the part of a rich man to dress splendidly, to have a troop of gentlemen and valets in his service, to exhibit tables covered with gold and silver plate, to hang the walls with beautiful and costly arras. * * * There were sideboards set with the most splendid gold and silver plate: where now can we see gold and silver plate—save at a Lord Mayor's Dinner? A following of eight hundred people rode with the Cardinal: what noble in the land has such a following now? * * * What have we to show in comparison with this magnificence? Nothing. The richest man, the most noble and the most powerful, is no more splendid than a simple gentleman. The King-maker, if he existed in the present day, would walk to his club in Pall Mall; and you would not distinguish him from the briefless barrister taking his dinner—the same dinner, mind—at the next table."

Timely, also, is the narrative of "The Looting of the Summer Palace" of the Emperor of China by the British forces in Sept., 1860, and there is a hint for some enterprising Japs in the statement that, not believing them gold, the English plunderers carried off only one of the 500 statues in the "Hall of 500 Golden Gods." "I have very little doubt," says the narrator, who was a field officer in the army of occupation, "that the other 499 golden images are still lying, buried and blackened, under the ruins of that island temple in the Summer Palace."—Frances Evelyn Warwick takes "Marcella" as the text for some improvements that might be made by "the State" in the condition of the English poor—"the State" being, of course, that mysterious entity standing apart from the citizens that make it, with which we have become so well acquainted of late.

"McClure's Magazine"

A CONSIDERABLE PORTION of the space in this number is devoted to Robert Louis Stevenson and his South Sea home, with numerous reproductions of old and new photographs and other illustrations. There are, further, a poem by J. M. Barrie, "Scotland's Lament"; a short tribute by S. R. Crockett, and an estimate of "Mr. Stevenson's Books," which appeared, also, in the *London Bookman*. Particularly interesting at the present moment are the picture of the late King Kalakaua of Hawaii and Mr. Stevenson on the veranda of the royal boat-house, Honolulu, and that of the Stevenson party at banquet as guests of the King. Among the contents we note, further, another of Cleveland Moffett's stories from the archives of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, a selection from Ian Mactaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" and Alexander K. McClure's address on "Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief," originally delivered before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, April 5, 1893. Ida M. Tarbell deals with "Napoleon the King-maker."

"The Review of Reviews"

THE PRESIDENTIAL CHANGES in France and the needed constitutional amendments they suggest for that country occupy naturally a good deal of space in this number; and second in importance are Hawaii, Armenia and Japan. At home we have the national treasury to look after, and likewise Mr. Platt; while the Newfoundland crisis is near enough to interest us. The editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* contributes a lengthy article on the Cotton States and International Exposition, to be held at Atlanta this fall; and Mr. E. V. Smalley writes of civil government in Manitoba. These is a sketch of Anton Rubinstein, whose mother was his first teacher:—"When I was between five and six years old, she began to give me lessons in music, not only to me, but to my brothers as well. She devoted more time to me than to the others, perhaps because she soon discerned my love for music, or, at any rate, the ease with which I understood and assimilated it. The lessons she gave me were not only serious, but severe." Charles D. Lanier writes of Robert Louis Stevenson; and Jeannette L. Gilder studies the Scotch romancer's possible successors—Barrie, Crockett, Ian Maclaren, Kipling, Weyman, Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle. The other departments are filled, as usual, with the essence of what is going on in all walks of modern life.

Magazine Note

The Winsor Magazine, the first number of which has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, is modeled on the lines of *The Strand*. It is bidding for a large circulation, and, if report be true, its first sale passed far beyond the 100,000 mark. It was well advertised, beforehand, that a novel feature of the first number would be a marriage insurance scheme. The scheme is not told in the number, however, but is merely hinted at. We are promised that it will be divulged in the next number, which assures for that, too, a large sale.

London Letter

"KING ARTHUR" was produced at the Lyceum on Saturday with every circumstance of success. It proves to be (as most people expected) a brilliant spectacle rather than an impressive drama, and those who looked for higher things must be contented to take it as it stands. Mr. Irving has never been at greater pains to exhibit a dazzling pageant, and the scenery and dresses, designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, are all that eye could desire. As far as acting is concerned, the first achievement is that of Mr. Forbes Robertson, who makes an earnest and romantic Lancelot. Mr. Irving does not get a real chance till late in the evening; he fills, in a word, much the same position as the Arthur of Tennyson's "Idylls"—a background to the main course of the play. Mr. Comyns Carr, it is said, will shortly print his libretto, when the public will be able to judge of it at leisure. To the ear it sounds rotund and effective, not without a certain dignity. The passages which have been printed, however, scarcely bear analysis. At any rate, a big, popular success has been attained, and the Lyceum will be filled for many months to come. Some idea of the interest taken by the public in the production may be illustrated by the following experience:—On the first night the doors were to open at 7.30 P.M. I happened to pass the pit entrance of the Lyceum at 10.30 in the morning—nine hours earlier—and there were already some fifty people established there for the day. It seems absurd to say, after this, that the London public is not a people of playgoers!

Some mention in these letters, a few weeks ago, of the Omar Khayyam Club has brought several inquiries from American readers of *The Critic* with regard to the scope and character of the Club in question. I do not know that there is very much to say in reply. The Omar Khayyam is a dining-club exclusively, which meets every month or so at different hotels and restaurants, for conviviality and good-fellowship. It does not (as one of my correspondents supposes) publish any record of its proceedings, nor does it, as a rule, lend its meetings to the recital of new literature. At the same time, several conspicuous men-of-letters have, from time to time, written verses in its service. When the sprig of rose was brought from Omar's grave and planted on Edward Fitzgerald's, Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote his quatrain upon the theme, which is probably familiar to most of the readers of these remarks. On another occasion, Mr. William Watson read a poem, celebrating Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the popular Vice-President of the society; and more recently Mr. Richard Le Gallienne dedicated a

copy of verses to the Club. The society originated, I believe, in the exertions of Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, who was at the time engaged in translating some of Omar Khayyam into English. Whether or no the Club, in its first stages, gave itself up to the study of the one poet, I know not; but it is at least certain that nowadays its principal object is the passage of a pleasant evening. The President is Mr. Edward Clodd, and among the members are many of the most conspicuous men of London letters and London journalism. Mr. Edward Clodd, the President, will be best known to American readers as an authority upon folk-lore, but he has many other fields of activity. By profession he is a banker; he has also tempted authorship, and this week has been occupied in delivering the presidential address to the Royal Asiatic Society.

Mr. Crockett's new volume of stories is announced for publication on March 1. It is, as I have already mentioned, to be called "Bog Myrtle and Peat," and will consist of twenty-eight short tales, most of which have already appeared in Scotland in the periodical press. Mr. Andrew Lang has written a prefatory ballad. The news that Mr. Crockett has resigned the ministry has been circulated with a good deal of embroidery. Mr. Crockett made the announcement, in the first place, to his congregation, and his words have reached London in a very garbled form. American readers will do well to take with many grains of salt any details that reach them; for nearly all the printed accounts of Mr. Crockett's address are absolutely incorrect.

The February number of *The Contemporary Review* is to contain an article of considerable interest, in the shape of an unfinished study of Pascal, upon which Walter Pater was engaged at the time of his death. The manuscript was entrusted to Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has been at great pains to decipher it. For, indeed, it is so heavily scored and interlined that, at first glance, the task must have seemed almost hopeless. Though not absolutely finished, the paper (there is reason to believe) would not have been prolonged much further, nor did it lack more than a final revision. It had already been several times remodelled. I am fortunately enabled to make a brief quotation from the manuscript, which will, I think, be of interest to American readers. Pater is speaking of Pascal's attitude towards religion:—

"His faith, as in the days of the middle ages, had been supported, rewarded, by what he believed to be visible miracle among the strange lights and shades of that retired place. Pascal's niece, the daughter of Madame Perrier, a girl ten years of age, suffered from a disease of the eyes believed to be incurable. The disease was a peculiarly distressing one, the sort of affliction which, falling on a young child, may lead one radically to question as to the presence of divine justice in the world; makes one long that miracles were possible. Well! Pascal, for one, believed that on occasion that profound aspiration had been followed up by the power desired. A thorn from the crown of Jesus, as was believed, had been lately brought to the Port Royal du Faubourg St. Jacques in Paris, and was one day applied devoutly to the eye of the suffering child. What followed was an immediate and complete cure, fully attested by experts. Pascal, and the young girl herself, faithfully to the end of a long life, believed the circumstances to have been miraculous. Otherwise, we do not see that Pascal was ever permitted to enjoy (so to speak) the religion for which he had exchanged so much; that the sense of acceptance, of assurance, had come to him. For him the Spouse had never penetrated the veil of the ordinary routine of the means of grace; nothing that corresponds as a matter of personal intercourse of the very senses to the greatness of his surrender—who had emptied himself of all other things; besides, there was some not wholly-explained delay in his reception, in those last days, of the sacrament. It was brought to him just in time—'Voici celui que vous avez tant désiré'—the ministrant says to the dying man. Pascal was then aged thirty-nine—an age, you may remember, fancifully noted as fatal to genius.

"Pascal's 'Thoughts,' then, we shall not rightly measure but as the outcome, the utterance, of a soul diseased, a soul permanently ill at ease. We find in their constant tension something of insomnia, of that sleeplessness which can never be a quite healthful condition of a mind in a human body. Sometimes they are cries, cries of obscure pain rather than thoughts—those great fine sayings which seem to betray by their depth of sound the vast unseen hollow places of nature, of humanity, just beneath one's feet or at one's side. Reading them, so modern still are those thoughts, so rich and various in suggestion, one seems to witness the mental seed-sowing of the next two centuries, perhaps more, as to those matters which concern himself. Intuitions of a religious genius, they may well be taken also as the final consid-

erations of "the natural man as a religious inquirer on doubt and faith, and their place in things."

With that sounding and impressive prose in one's ears, it is impossible to write more.

LONDON, 18 Jan., 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE "LADIES' NIGHT" of the Pine Tree State Club, last week, brought as guests of honor Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. John D. Long, wife of the ex-Governor, Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson and other women well known to New England. Mr. Dana Estes, of the publishing-house of Estes & Lauriat, presided, and, with a graceful compliment to the literary women of Maine, who were entertained, introduced the various speakers. Readers of *The Critic* will be most interested, however, in the letters of regret received, since a number of noted writers who hold association with the Pine Tree State were debarred from being present. Sarah Orne Jewett, writing from South Berwick, Me., stated that she had not sufficiently recovered from a recent severe illness to make it possible for her to dine in Boston on that occasion, and then, with an optimistic pen, she wrote of the hopeful future of literature. "I should wish," she said, "that there might be a toast for the young writers of our State, and the health and happiness of their work; a toast to those who are dreaming now of what they must write by and by. Nature is very close to us; the great forests look into our city streets, and the pines stand all above our quite farms, and the great sea beats along our border. There is nothing decadent or despairing in the tone of our native verse and prose; the very air forbids it. I myself look to the young singers and storytellers with a heart full of hope and eagerness, and I send my greeting, not only to those who may be in your company, but to many more, who, like me, will be away." Harriet Prescott Spofford, wrote that the invitation touched her tenderly, for, although the greater part of her life had been passed elsewhere, yet her native State always seemed like home. "There is for me," she said, "a poetry about her hills that does not belong to hills of greater height; her forests are darker and sweeter than other woods, and I shall sail the unreturning voyage before I forget the seas that girt her coasts with their flashing barriers. I think we must, all of us, be conscious of a clannish sentiment toward one another in our common possession of her splendid scenery, her splendid history and her splendid men and women." Margaret Deland acknowledged in her note that she had a little right to be considered as a Maine author, as so much of her work was done every summer in her country house on the Maine coast. "I am grateful to Maine," she added, "for the inspiration of her hills, skies, her little tidal rivers and her open sea." Louise Imogen Guiney, Blanche Willis Howard (Baroness Von Teuffel), M. A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton) and Mary E. Wilkins also sent letters of regret, while Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney wrote: "We owe a great deal to the women authors of Maine; they are in literature what they are distinctively in home and personal character—representative of a peculiar freshness, genuineness and force, with the home and truth flavor in what they write, which necessarily come of these. I should be most glad to meet and honor them. Maine and Massachusetts are one in many of the best sympathies, as they were once in territory."

Harvard men are discussing the movement to establish at their College a professorship of Russian language and literature. One of the gentlemen mentioned for the chair is a Russian prince, who last year lectured before the students of the University. But the name which will command most attention is, in all probability, that of Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole. Mr. Dole is a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1874.—The Museum of the Fine Arts has received \$50,000 under a provision of the will of the late Sylvanus A. Denio, the fund being held for the purchase of original paintings (or copies) by American or foreign artists of subjects of the modern school. These paintings will form a collection for permanent exhibition at the Museum, to be known as "The S. A. Denio Collection."—The new Public Library building will be open for inspection on Feb. 1, and the delivery of books will begin a week later.—The Commonwealth of Massachusetts desires an accurate Indian for its new State seal, and wants not only an artistic figure, but also one that will be correct in form, appearance and costume. Edmund H. Garrett, the well-known book illustrator, has submitted two sketches to the Secretary of State, showing the front and profile view of a composite Indian, the face being that of an Ojibway chief. These

sketches will be shown to other artists and to the authorities at the Smithsonian Institution before being accepted.—The Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol tells an interesting anecdote regarding his friend, the late historian, Dr. George E. Ellis. While Dr. Ellis was visiting the Coliseum at Rome with Dr. Lowell, the latter stumbled and nearly fell over the edge of the amphitheatre. At the risk of his own life Dr. Ellis, standing on the rugged wall, seized his friend and pulled him back to safety. Another time, when a railroad accident in Connecticut threw the car in which Dr. Ellis was a passenger over the bridge into the river below, the Doctor, while struggling towards the shore, was caught by a drowning woman and almost pulled under the water. With generous heart, he showed her how to take a better hold, that he might save her life.

BOSTON, 29 Jan., 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

I HAVE BEEN READING "The Amateur Emigrant," a local republication of Stevenson's early steerage papers, and following the gifted young vagabond on his first journey across the Atlantic. One is struck, here as everywhere, by the open-mindedness of the man, his frank democracy, his artistic acceptance of every human character, however forlorn, as a problem to be studied and solved. Of every character, did I say? Let me amend that by drawing the line of sex. One feels in this book the aloofness of his mind whenever he so much as mentions a woman, and during the fifteen years that remained to him of life, he always viewed women from afar. Now and then we see him making a heroic dash at the mystery; with breath drawn in and eyes half-closed, the brave knight charges at the shining danger, and sometimes almost succeeds in dashing aside her veil. But it is always at the edge of the sword, and what heroine will not resent such fierce advances? For myself, I have always felt more intimate with Seraphina than with any other of his women. Prince Otto's Princess is nobly made, with a heart large enough to overtake and punish the vaulting ambition which would have lorded it over a state. Indeed, I am moved to resent thus publicly the attitude of the critics towards "Prince Otto." To me the book and the memory of it are a perpetual and keen delight, and I would rather have it than "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "David Balfour" and all their adventurous company. The delicate yet royal gentlemanliness of the Prince, his delicious, modern sense of humor, his strength and modesty and oyalty in the struggle with besetting weaknesses, are all so vitally shown that I cannot see why he should not conquer the world as he finally does his wife. And then the bombastic heaviness of the prime minister and the flat-footed English directness of Sir John—I know of few chapters in modern fiction more charming than the Prince's abortive duel with this slanderer of his unloving wife. And, moreover, the action flames up to a splendid catastrophe: the flight of the Princess through the woods at night, and her vision of the sunrise, all typical of her soul's awakening—surely, Stevenson never wrote more effectively than here. We might call the Princess a glimpse of the New Woman, if we could grant to that formidable female any kinship with the old, any susceptibility to the allurements of the other sex. The book is a delicious idyl; both its spirit and its art are remote from the literalism so many people grope for in it. With the "New Arabian Nights" and the essays and some of the poems, it gives me my share of this zealot of joy.

And "The Ebb-tide," too, has a certain enchainning power. One feels something elemental and primeval in the wanderings of these lost souls, thrown up on the nether shore of the whirling world. Perhaps the studies for these waifs and strays of humanity were made on that early emigrant voyage, for Stevenson pronounces his fellow-passengers "a company of the rejected, the drunken, the incompetent, the weak, the prodigal"—redundant souls, ignobly fleeing from themselves, or from the plots of circumstance. Strange company for this indomitable spirit, who all his days fought formidable enemies, to the end "preferring life to art," and seeking adventures in his imagination only because they were denied him in the field. It is strange how much more one loves an artist if his art is not all of him. To Stevenson the writer it is difficult enough to say farewell; to Stevenson the man, with his zest for danger, his pathetic longing for strength and for a kingly rôle among strong men, his gladness against pain and his staunchness against evil—to the soul of him it is impossible to bid adieu. It is this charm of incompleteness in his fate—the unuttered wishes, the unfulfilled aspirations, the unflinching pursuit of escaping happiness,—which will make that lofty tomb a place of pilgrimage.

For we resent the telling of the whole story. A thought like this nagged a little my delight in Gibson's drawings, this afternoon. About seventy of them are being shown to eager crowds at O'Brien's gallery, where it is good to see the joy of the people at encountering old friends upon the walls. This young man's work has become so familiar, that one might almost as well discuss the alphabet, but it is a pleasure to watch his development, to note how he has gained of late in firmness and breadth of stroke, in insight into human character, and in sweetness and dignity of motive. He has never done anything better than his recent studies for Mr. Robert Grant's "Art of Living." Such drawings as "Gratitude and Shakespeare" and the "Butler and Other Accessories" contain each a whole human history. And some of the larger essays, notably a view of love's departure, are extremely fortunate in composition and suggestion.

The Literary Club has decided to garner its harvests, lest its feminine rivals should boast of better crops. By a recent vote it has entered upon the task of printing limited editions of such of the papers read before it as shall receive a list of subscribers long enough to defray the cost. The publication of these "Club Papers" is entrusted to the admirable taste of Mr. F. W. Gookin, and the printing is in the best manner of the De Vinne Press. Two of the delicate little pamphlets have now been issued. The first, "A True Love Story," by the late Prof. Swing, shows with what quaint humor this well-beloved preacher could turn to idly amusing his friends; one finds here, as well as in the memory of his deeper interests, the secret of his humane charm. Indeed, the Literary Club misses the Professor's delicate sympathy with its lighter moods almost as much as the city of Chicago misses his strength and tact in spiritual leadership. The second pamphlet, "A Deserted Village," by Mr. H. S. Boutell, is an amusing bit of New England archaeology. Both papers are enriched with drawings and decorations by Mr. Gookin, who conceals too closely under the duties of another profession an exquisite talent for the difficult art of book-designing, whether in black-and-white or in color—a talent fortified but not enslaved by his scholarly appreciation of the Japanese. It is a pleasure to record, in closing, that by a recent vote the Chicago Women's Club, after a full discussion, decided to make colored women eligible to the privileges of its membership. It is said that the opposition succeeded in mustering less than forty votes in a membership of five hundred.

CHICAGO, 29 Jan., 1895.

H. MONROE.

Notes from Germany

IN THE *Deutsche Rundschau* for December is a sketch by Paul Heyse of Ada Negri, the Italian girl who has lately come into such prominence. Her little book of poems, "Fatilita," has reached its fourth edition, and that in Italy, where they do not buy books! She was the daughter of very poor parents, her mother being a factory hand in the little village of Lodi. At eighteen she left the miserable home of her childhood to become a teacher in the common school of a neighboring town. The verses which have made her famous wherever the Italian language is known were written in the evenings after she had spent the day teaching her eighty noisy boys and girls. She had been able to obtain but a few contemporary books, which she selected by the help of the criticisms in the journals. She had never been in a theatre, but had read much about Duse, and her one thought was to see her one day. She had never seen the sea, nor mountains and hills, nor a lake; and only lately has she seen a large city. Since she has become known, admirers have interested themselves in her, and she has left her crowd of hard-headed youngsters, to be instructor in Italian literature in the Normal School at Milan.

Another writer in the *Rundschau*, speaking of her poetry says:—"My feeling is like that of surprise and delight, as when one, following a familiar path, comes suddenly upon a cluster of flowers whose beauty of color and form is entirely new to him. There is nothing wonderful, nor odd, nor dazzling in these flowers, nothing but simple beauty; and withal a fragrance and a feeling of child-like joy in mere existence, mingled with regret at the thought of my own and my brothers' destiny."

In *Nord und Süd* for December Prof. Jiriczek of the University of Breslau has an article on the "Sagas of the Indians of East Canada," which is in a way a review of the Rev. S. F. Rand's book on these people, published in New York in 1894. The same number has a review of the fourth part of Felix Dahn's "Personal Recollections." This popular novelist is a professor in the law faculty of the University at Breslau, and lectures to large audiences. His best known novel is "Ein Kampf um Rom."

In a sketch of Robert Browning in *Die Zukunft*, the author, referring to the fact that Browning was, on his father's side, English with perhaps some Hebrew blood, and on his mother's, Scotch and German, calls attention to the poet's style as containing possibly a trace of his German stock. "He is not," he says, "German in his construction, but he approaches German, in that he requires the reader to keep in mind a great many words before he sees how the sentence is coming out." The writer continues:—"If I should be asked to say, in one single word, what is the most prominent characteristic in him, I should answer, 'Die Liebe.' Love seems to have ruled his life; love is the contents of his poetry."

A German "My First Book" has lately appeared—"Die Geschichte der Erstlingswerke" (Leipzig, 1894). It is edited, with an introduction, by K. E. Franzos, and contains confessions from fourteen German authors as to the production of their first work, and a "Jugendbildniss" of each. The list includes Dahn, Ebers, Eckstein, Jensen, Sudermann, Heyse and others; but conspicuously absent are Freytag, Klaus Groth, Gerhardt Hauptmann, W. Jordan, Isolde Kurz and Ernst von Wildenbruch. The critics hail the book as a valuable contribution to the psychology of the author and to the history of literature, and not, as in the case of "My First Book," as of most interest to "lovers of literary gossip."

In *Das Magazin für Literatur* of Dec. 8 there is a valuable sketch of John Ford. Having defined his place "in the centre of that poetical hurricane which came down upon London toward the end of the sixteenth century—those days in Queen Elizabeth's reign such as the world will never see again," the writer depicts Ford as the deepest "feminist" in the Shakespearian constellation:—"With him woman is very different from the woman of his contemporaries. She is no longer simply the fair creature, sweet and pretty, or in trouble, whose life for the most part consists of the effects upon her of material events, and who loves or grieves as she artlessly tells what happens to be the particular cause of her love or her grief. Ford went deeper into the secrets of the inner life." The whole article is very suggestive.

A note in *Die Gegenwart* of the same date announces an edition, issued at Halle, of Dickens's "masterpiece, which should not be lacking in any family library." In this translation of "David Copperfield," by A. Scheibe, says the reviewer, "wird Dickens erst einer der Unseren."

"Schiller's Mutter," by Ernst Müller (Leipzig, 1894), is a work suggested by Heinemann's "Mutter Goethe's," but, says a reviewer, "by no means is it so great a boon, for the plain, good baker's daughter of Marbach was no genial lady like Goethe's mother." "She was a Hausfrau" and nothing more: industrious, active, practical, not without vanity, and Müller yields to no temptation to idealize her. She is Schiller's mother, that is enough."

BARCLAY SPICER.

A Few Notes From Paris

AN EARLY NUMBER of the *Paris Revue Bleue* will contain a short notice of the address on France delivered last autumn before Lafayette College, Penn., by Prof. A. Guyot Cameron of Yale.

The article on Rosa Bonheur, which is to appear in *The Youth's Companion* some time this year, will contain a portrait made from a photograph taken about eighteen months ago by Georges Cain, the French artist and son of the famous sculptor of the same name who died last summer. The Cains are close friends of the Fontainebleau recluse.

George E. Vail, a Columbia College graduate who has lived for many years in Paris, possesses a large stock of interesting anecdotes concerning Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose secretary he used to be. He has been asked to prepare them for publication. Mr. Vail is not a novice in literature. A little play of his had a long run at one of the Paris theatres some two years ago.

Col. Wickham Hoffman, formerly United States Minister to Denmark, and a resident of Paris for several years, returned to America a short time ago. Col. Hoffman is the author of a volume of recollections entitled "Camp, Court and Siege," now out of print, and often cited in France for the side-light which it throws on certain phases of the war of 1870-1871, the author being at that time Mr. Washburne's Secretary of Legation.

After retiring from the St. Petersburg Legation, the Hon. Andrew D. White spent some weeks in Munich, but is now at Florence, busy on some literary work.

The recent death, in Paris, of Dr. John Chapman, for many years editor of *The Westminster Review*, makes no change in the editorial department of that once famous periodical; for his widow continues in control, she having, in fact, filled the post of editor for a long time before her husband's last illness.

The Fine Arts

"The Life and Times of A. B. Durand"

By John Durand. Illustrated with Photogravures. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. JOHN DURAND'S biography of his father, the well-known engraver and artist, will interest old-time New Yorkers. Asher Brown Durand was born in 1796 at Jefferson Village, N. J., a small hamlet in the Orange Mountains, devoted to religious controversy and apple-jack. Worse than either, New England rum, misnamed "kill-devil," had some effect on the local psychology. The frying-pan was the best-known implement of cookery, the staff of life was pork, the meeting-house was called "Babel Chapel," and the principal streets were "Heathen Street" and "Dominie Lane." From these unpromising surroundings young Durand, who was of French descent and early manifested a talent for engraving, was removed to the neighborhood of Newark, where he was apprenticed to a copper-engraver in 1812. His first work, undertaken independently, was the engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," which occupied him three years, and for which he received \$3,000. By this time he was married and settled in New York. In the Elysian Fields of Hoboken, now delivered over to tramps and canal-boatmen, he may have seen Halleck, Bryant and Verplanck eating turtle-soup or talking politics. Fashion moved in his time from the Battery to Bleeker Street. The Southerners were the great art patrons, and the American Academy of Fine Arts had scarce an artist among its members. But there were critics who wrote of old masters; and Cooper, the novelist, by way of encouraging Greenough, the sculptor, to be original, commissioned him to reproduce in marble two "imaginary beings," yclept cherubs, from Raphael's "Maddonna of the Throne." There was, also, a picture-dealer, one Paff, who imported the old masters that the critics criticised, and who was seldom without a Michael Angelo or two in his garret. There were tombstones in Washington Square, and constables chased loose pigs in the streets at night by the light of rusty oil-lamps.

The American "crank" was already in existence. Mr. Durand presents us with pen-portraits of two of the breed, Graham, the inventor of Graham bread, who was a gloomy, melodramatic soul, and McDond'd Clarke, the "Mad Poet." It was a lively if a somewhat rough society. "The XXI," the rude forefathers of the Century Club, held profitable discussions on the desirability of bathing in a snow-bank, the form and dimensions of antediluvian butter-churns, and the possibility that the heat may be the cause of the lengthening of the days in summer. Durand dropped the graver for the paint brush and exhibited Samsons and Delilahs and a Mary Magdalen between 1827 and 1831. Later, he turned to landscape, which remained his strong point, though he has painted some good portraits, one of which, that of the early patron of art, Lyman Reed, is reproduced in heliogravure. "A cat well painted is better than a Venus badly done," was Mr. Reed's motto, yet he it was who commissioned Cole's "Course of Empire." But he gave Durand better work to do, too. The other art patrons of the day were satisfied with colored engravings, or had ideas of their own as to the composition of landscapes, which they wished carried out. Durand preferred to "go to nature," and that he did so to some purpose the reproductions of a few of his studies given in the volume are evidence. The work is one of importance for an understanding of the beginnings of art in America.

The edition is limited to 500 ordinary and 100 large-paper copies.

Art Notes

REPRESENTATIVE COVERT of New York has prepared an amendment of the Copyright Law limiting the fine for infringement of picture copyrights. The law imposes a fine of \$10 for every unauthorized reproduction, which, in the case of newspapers with large circulations, would amount to fabulous sums. The amendment proposes to limit the fines to twice the value of the copyright of the picture—a rather difficult value to determine, as would be discovered in time.

The Drama

Beerbohm Tree at Abbey's

IT IS TOO SOON yet to speak positively of the abilities of Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the favorite London actor and manager, who began his first professional engagement in this country in Abbey's Theatre last Monday evening, but there can be no doubt that he is a performer of intelligence and skill, with a keen appreciation of theatrical effect and a remarkable mastery of the art of "making-up." Whether his actual versatility, that is, his power of acting as well as assuming widely different characters, is as great as his evident faculty of disguise, is a question which time alone can settle. At all events, it was not settled by his opening performance in "The Ballad-Monger," a version of Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire," written by Walter Besant and Walter Ploock, and "The Red Lamp," a Russian melodrama of no particular merit, by Outram Tristram. At first sight it might appear that only a player possessed of most extraordinary resources could hope to enact successfully characters so diverse as the starving hero of Banville's fanciful little piece, and the police spy Demetrius, but a little consideration will show that the achievement is not necessarily so very difficult, especially in the case of an actor of Mr. Tree's physical attributes. His height and leanness not only qualify him in a peculiar manner for the part of the hungry poet, but enable him to adopt a more effective disguise by the simple process of padding. His cleverness in this instance consists chiefly in the adroit use he makes of favorable circumstances.



Both impersonations are grotesque, in a greater or less degree. Gringoire is no stranger upon our stage. Lawrence Barrett played him with a forlorn simplicity, and, in the latter scenes, with a passionate earnestness, which thoroughly preserved the spirit of romance; and Coquelin presented him with wonderful naturalness, exquisite finish and admirable, but not very pathetic, humor. Mr. Tree's impersonation resembles neither the one nor the other, and is, in respect of imagination and feeling, inferior to both. Its distinguishing characteristics are exaggeration and eccentricity, and in everything—its elaborate rags, its over-emphatic gestures and its picturesque restlessness,—it appeals to the eye, rather than to the understanding or the heart. Nowhere is there apparent any evidence or suggestion of inspiration or even genuine feeling. What is done is done well, with the bold, free execution of the accomplished artist, but somehow or other it always conveys the impression of effort and design.

The contrast between the emaciated and youthful Gringoire and the elderly, bloated, red-faced Demetrius in "The Red Lamp" is a theatrical stroke of exceeding cleverness. The identity of the actor is concealed entirely beneath the false head, the stuffed body and the painted face. But these means are entirely mechanical and really bear no relation, or, to speak with extreme caution, very little relation, to the art of acting. It is true that Mr. Tree accommodates himself to his disguise, omits the extravagant gestures of Gringoire and adopts a slow and elderly walk, but in this there is nothing beyond the capacity of an ordinary actor, and it is rather difficult to understand why this particular impersonation should have been greeted with so much critical enthusiasm. Beyond doubt, it is a clever bit of work, cleverly designed and neatly, although not elaborately, finished, but, as in the case of his Gringoire, the actor frequently sacrifices nature on the altar of eccentricity. A moment's reflection will convince anybody that this fussy, meddlesome, rude and awkward old person, with "spy" and "informer" written large all over him, is a complete absurdity as a successful police agent. He would not be tolerated in any respectable society, even in Russia, and, even if he were tolerated, his transparency would render him harmless. Curiously enough, Mr. Tree does not impart to him any element of terror, but is content, apparently, with making him amusing, to the injury of one or two good melodramatic scenes. The impersonation is, in a sense, both striking and original, but it seems to have in it more

of mimicry than of acting. Nevertheless, it proved very successful with the audience. The supporting company is fairly good, but the only member of it who requires special mention at this time is Mrs. Tree, who seems to be an actress of considerable intelligence and some emotional power. In "The Red Lamp" she plays the part of a Russian princess, who has been involved in a Nihilist plot by no fault of her own, and she sounded some very true notes, both of passion and pathos. Her abilities are worthy of more careful consideration than it is possible to give them now. The accompanying portrait presents Mr. Tree as he appeared in "The Red Lamp."

Notes

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.'s new list includes "The United States Internal Revenue Tax System," by Chas. Wesley Eldridge; "Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers," by Joseph A. Willard, Clerk of the Superior Court in Brooklyn; "Stories of the Foot-Hills" of Southern California, by Margaret C. Graham; "The Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England," by the Rev. Wm. De Loss Love, Jr.; "Louisiana Folk-Tales," by Prof. Alc   Fortier; and a new edition, with new preface and index, of Prof. A. V. G. Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s announce "Out of the East," a new book on Japan by Lafcadio Hearn, who has become as thoroughly identified with that country as formerly with the South.

In "The Mogul Emperors of Hindostan," by Edward S. Holden, LL. D., the endeavor has been not to give a detailed and complete history of reigns, but to present such views of the chief personages as an intelligent reader might wish to carry away. The Messrs. Scribner will publish the book.

All students of music will be interested in the "Letters of a Baritone" by Francis Walker, soon to be published by the Scribners. These letters from Florence cover a period of a year and a half, and give pictures of different phases of art life in Italy.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mr. Morris Steinert will deliver to-day the last lecture in the series on the development of musical instruments, his subject being "The Evolution of the Piano-Forte." The instruments to be played in connection with the lecture date from 1750 to the present day, and are specimens of the Steinert collection.

The first edition (12,000 copies) of Mr. Crawford's latest novel, "The Ralstons," was published about Jan. 18. Two other editions have been issued, and the fourth is now in press.

Ginn & Co. will publish in March "Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year," edited, with an introduction and notes, by Byron Satterlee Hurlbut. They have in preparation, also (Publications of the University of Pennsylvania), "A Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics," by Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, and "The Rhymes of Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,'" by Prof. M. W. Easton.

"Off Lynport Light" is the title of a new novel by Augusta Campbell Watson, to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dr. Ernst von Halle, who has been in this country for the last year or two, engaged in studying our commercial and financial institutions, has written a book on "Trusts, or Industrial Combinations and Coalitions in the United States," which Macmillan & Co. will publish. Out of the West comes a book on "Honest Money," by A. I. Fonda of Denver, Col., to be published by the same house.

Henry Altemus announces an American edition of "We Three and Troddles," by R. Andum, illustrated by A. C. Gould.

Among the Fleming H. Revell Co.'s announcements are "Jeremiah, Priest and Prophet," by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the Old Testament Heroes Series; "The Ministry of the Spirit," by the Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., with an introduction by the Rev. F. B. Meyer; "Pictured Truths: A Handbook of Blackboard and Object Teaching" for Sunday-schools, by the Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, with an introduction by the Rev. R. H. Conwell; and a "Vest Pocket Companion" for Christian workers, by the Rev. R. A. Torrey.

A correspondent of *The St. James's Gazette* has made the suggestion that Capt. Mahan, the author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," etc., be made Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, to succeed the late Prof. John Seeley. The communication concludes:—"The weakest point of the suggestion is that Capt. Mahan possibly will prefer active life in the United States Navy, but there is no reason why the offer should not be made. A refusal would be our loss, but we should have had the

pleasure of expressing appropriately our gratitude for the national service he has done us."

Arthur Cayley, Sadlerian Professor of Pure Mathematics at Cambridge, England, and Fellow of Trinity College, died on Jan. 26. He owed his brilliant position in the front rank of contemporary mathematicians to his discovery of the theory of invariants in algebra, the geometrical "Absolute," and the theory of matrices. His works are models of clearness and compact reasoning, and his influence can be traced on nearly every page of the newer mathematical literature. Prof. Cayley was born at Richmond, Surrey, on Aug. 16, 1821, his mother being a Russian. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of seventeen, and was Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prize man in 1842.

Edward Solomon, the composer of "Billee Taylor" "Polly," "Pepita" and "Claude Duval," died in London on Jan. 22. Solomon's songs were popular, but never rivalled Gilbert's in the vogue they attained.

Gen. Lew Wallace makes the following statement in the *Washington Post*:—"I have been represented as desiring the establishment of what has been called a 'College of Immortals,' but I never had any such intention. Several months ago I came to Washington and went to the Congressional Library for the purpose of making some researches in astrology. I told Mr. Spofford that I should be greatly obliged if he could place me where I could have comparative solitude, and he gave me a seat in a quiet corner. My hopes for an uninterrupted time of study, however, were not realized. People would come around that way and see me working there, and to my intense surprise they not only examined my books, but they stood behind me and looked over my shoulder at what I was writing. This suggested to me the idea that in the great Congressional Library it would be a good idea to set aside some place for some fifteen or twenty, or perhaps more, of the men who have been distinguished in the fields of literature and science, where they could conduct their researches without disturbance. As information to be found nowhere else so easily accessible can be had here, I believed the idea would be really of benefit to the people. I had no idea of establishing a counterpart of the French Academy, as I realized that such an institution could not flourish in this country. What is more, I did not suggest the name of the Immortals. That was purely the product of the newspaper men. Of course, as I am, the author of the idea, I do not think I will be able to be one of the favored few, even should the bill be a success."

Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and their company arrived in this city on Jan. 24; and their first performance here is noticed on another page. Mr. Tree's repertory during his short tour will include "The Ballad-Monger" and "The Red Lamp," "A Bunch of Violets," "John a' Dreams," "Captain Swift," "Falstaff," "Hamlet," "A Wife's Peril" and a new play by W. E. Henley and the late Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled "Macaire the Philosopher," a version of "Robert Macaire." The tour will include Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and Washington.

An American Committee has been organized in connection with the Carlyle Memorial Fund. It consists of the following members:—Gov. Morton, ex-Minister E. J. Phelps, Joseph H. Choate, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, Colonel John Hay, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Richard Watson Gilder and Samuel Eliot. Phillips Smalley, of No. 25 Pine Street, New York, is Acting Secretary. The Earl of Aberdeen and Prof. Goldwin Smith have joined the English Committee.

Edmund Kelly, who has for some time been identified with the City Club and other political organizations of a reformatory character in New York, has written a book on "Evolution and Effort," in which he argues that "an alliance between religion and politics is essential to progress in the struggle of humanity with evil and with pain." It will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

The Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," has written a letter to Mr. Alfred R. Conkling, author of "City Government in the United States," expressing his interest in that book.

A proposition has been laid before the clergy and members of the Episcopal Church, looking to the establishment of a Church Publishing and Printing Co., on the lines of the Methodist Book Concern. A careful estimate sets the sum spent yearly by the Episcopal Church in this country for its printing at \$1,000,000, and it is hoped, of course, that the proposed stock-company will get the greater part of the work this represents.

—Invitations were sent out from the Aldine Club, early in the week, for an "Oriental Night" on Thursday, Jan 31, the hints on the decidedly Japanese card being "Collation, stories, fireworks."

—Last Tuesday's concert at Carnegie Hall, arranged by Mrs. Theodore Hellman for the benefit of the Workingman's School, was in every way successful. All the soloists were heard to advantage, and Master Gerardi deepened the impression he has already made as a 'cellist of extraordinary accomplishments.

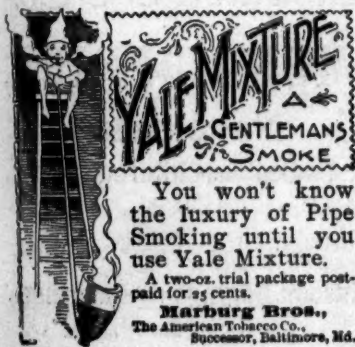
—At the sale of the library of the late Edmund Yates by Sotheby, a first edition of "Sketches by Boz" brought 117, a first edition of "The Pickwick Papers," 17.6s., a "Nicholas Nickleby," 17, and a copy of "A Tale of Two Cities," presented by Dickens to Edmund Yates, 117. The chief interest in the sale centred in a writing "slope," upon which Dickens wrote for many years. Mr. Bancroft, the actor, acquired it for 1057. A selection of thirty-four letters from Dickens to Yates was bought for 867. for the account of an American collector.

—At a meeting of the Trustees of Barnard College, held on Jan. 25, Dean Emily James Smith announced that an anonymous friend has promised a large annual sum of money for the support of the graduate courses in mathematics, political science and history. A committee was elected at this meeting to select a site for the College's new building.

Publications Received

Bacon, Sir Francis. Cipher Story. Vol. IV. Deciphered by O. W. Owen. Detroit: Howard Pub. Co. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.
Ballantine, H. On India's Frontier. \$2.50.
Barrett, T. & C. Verses Viridescent. Orange, N. J.: Printed by E. Williams.
Bernard, V. P. L'Art D'Intéresser en Classe. W. R. Jenkins.
Bradford, T. L. Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann. \$2.50.
Buckland, A. R. John Horden, Missionary Bishop. 50c. Phila.: Boericke & Tafel.
T. Whittaker.

Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Ed. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat. \$4. Macmillan & Co.
Corson, H. Aims of Literary Study. 75c. Macmillan & Co.
Cunningham, W. and E. A. McArthur. Outlines of English Industrial History. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
De Alarcon, P. A. El Final de Norma. 75c. W. R. Jenkins.
Davis, J. D. Neesima. \$1. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Dickens, C. Little Dorrit. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Donisthorpe, W. Law in a Free State. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Furneaux, W. Butterflies and Moths. Longmans, Green & Co.
Garden and Forest. Vol. VII. Conducted by C. S. Sargent. Garden and Forest Pub. Co.
Green, A. K. The Doctor, His Wife and the Clock. 50c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Harley. In the Veldt. Longmans, Green & Co.
Heimburg, W. For Another's Wrong. 50c. Robert Bonner's Sons.
Hinds, A. B. The England of Elizabeth. 90c. Macmillan & Co.
Lanier, Sidney. Select Poems. Ed. by M. Callaway, Jr. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.
L'Espurgatoire Saint Patris of Marie De France. Ed. by T. A. Jenkins. 10c. Phila.: Printed by A. J. Ferris.
Larned, A. In Woods and Fields. \$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Loti, P. Le Desert. \$1. Brentano's.
MacColl, M. Life Here and Hereafter. \$2.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart. From the French of P. De Lano, by A. C. S. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.
Neamith, J. E. Philoctetes, and Other Poems. Cambridge: Printed at the Riverside Press.
Payne, J. In Market Overt. \$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck. Tr. by R. Hovey. Chicago: Store & Kimball.
St. Andrews and Elsewhere. \$4. Longmans, Green & Co.
Sala, G. A. Life and Adventures. 2 vols. \$3. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Savage-Landor, A. H. Corea. \$4.50. Macmillan & Co.
Sigwart, C. Loric. Tr. by H. Dendy. \$5.50. Macmillan & Co.
Shoemaker, M. M. Trans-Caspia, the Sealed Provinces of the Casar. \$1.50. Robert Clarke Co.
Standard Operaglass. With Remarks, etc., by C. Annesley. New York: B. Westermann & Co.
The Yellow Book. Vol. IV. \$1.50. Boston: Copeland & Day.
Thiers, L. A. History of the French Revolution. Tr. by F. Shoberl. Vols. III, IV, and V. J. B. Lippincott Co.
Trotter, S. Lessons in the New Geography. \$1. D. C. Heath & Co.
Tyler, M. C. Three Men of Letters. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"Veteran." Preliminary French Drill. W. R. Jenkins.
Warren, W. Cecil the Seer. \$1.25. Boston: Arena Pub. Co.
Wolf, H. W. Odd Bits of History. \$2.75. Longmans, Green & Co.



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